

# DEBILITATING SUGAR:

*selected poems, 1997-2000*



Lewis LaCook

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# INTRODUCTION

Everything you are about to read is true; it all happened, more or less, just like this. Nothing ever happens around here. People collide and something like fusion occurs and then they break away and fall apart. Some good friends are dead. They're here, as well as many others who are still alive. We do not hold each other anymore.

## WAVES

When I was smaller, before I knew how to write, I had this Peanuts coloring book with blank speech bubbles. I was supposed to fill in the speech bubbles with what the familiar Peanuts characters were saying. But I couldn't write yet; but I could talk, I could hear and emit speech. So I filled the speech bubbles with jagged lines, charting the rise and fall of what I thought Lucy was saying to Linus. This was my first poem.

## MORE ABOUT MAPS

I can read and write now. But there is still this particular beauty in hearing people talk in languages I don't know. As I grew up in Lorain, which has a significant Puerto Rican population, I heard Spanish all the time. Standing in line at the corner Convenience store on North Central Drive, I heard the knottiest Black slang and private Puerto Rican. To be outside a language is forked; you either withdraw from it, uncomprehending, or glow with it, uncomprehending everything but its dips and valleys, its calibrated music.

## TOUCHING

That fork is a choice. To withdraw is to close, to numb; language (the world) can't penetrate you then, and, yes, you are safe. But

to glow with it is to jump off; you do not know whether there is any sure footing beneath these silvery jagged streams around you, but you trust enough to dive in; you dive because you glow, you glow because you do not understand, you do not understand because it's real; and perhaps that's all we have left of beauty (or all beauty ever was).

### **MORE REALISTIC SURREALISM**

Of course, this skirts surrealist and post-surrealist methodology. Make the familiar fantastic. People hand me things; they make love to me or get high with me or smile at me and talk; daylight. When I write I have all these things in my room.

Of course, this is older than surrealist and post-surrealist methodology. Sacred speech pre-dates Andre Breton, and was just as utopian in the tribes as it is in the guise of Clark Coolidge. And sacred speech is invoked to heal. Does anyone doubt that *THE WASTE LAND* was a cleansing ritual? That Gertrude Stein was murmuring her own slanted bit of daylight to herself to rock some clawing phantom to sleep?

### **I AM ALIVE**

These poems are about my life in the city of Kent from late 1997 to the year 2000. If you expect me to tell you stories....well, the stories are there; but something else, too. I abstract from my life, my environment, when I write; the stories here are the shapes of stories, the shadows they leave on the heart.

The late nineties were both tragic and exhilarating. I left a woman I made the mistake of marrying (she was a wonderful woman, but I was not yet...am not yet...a wonderful man); I became infatuated with another woman, for whom I wrote the *SONNETS, PARADISO, NINE POPPIES*, in the summer of 1998. She was deeply in love with her boyfriend. In early spring of 1999, a very good friend of mine died, quite probably from a heroin overdose (I say probably because he had many health problems which could have contributed to his death); shortly thereafter, I met Sheila E. Murphy online, and we began writing *BEYOND THE BOTHER OF SUNLIGHT* together, by e mail.

## DOPE

Much like the shamans of the tribes, I had my vehicles. Marijuana is chief among these, and is the only one to remain from a long period of experimentation. LSD was its rival for a long time; it provided a relatively cheap and easy way to melt back into that warm and golden confusion I sought. Other favorites were ecstasy and methedrine,

It must be kept in mind that during this period, 1997 to 2000, I was going to school full time, working almost full-time at the Kent State Student Center, was dealing with unclosed issues from my childhood that kept getting pricked by the circumstances in my external life, and was in a great deal of emotional pain most of the time. Not that these poems are about pain primarily, but the environment they came out of is twisted, shaky ground.

## RON SILLIMAN OR SUPERMAN?

The poems come from a quite temporal aesthetic movement, or reach for it, grasp it, and then withdraw with its glow on their hands. While much of what I wrote before I discovered the Language Poets was, unbeknownst to me, Language Poetry, it was my discovery that poets worked this mode in my recent past that crystallized my leaning toward this style of speech.

I carried *IN THE AMERICAN TREE* around with me much like previous generations of poets must have carried around *HOWL*. It, along with ample doses of Mama Stein, helped shape both my aesthetic praxis and my political thought about that praxis; I became interested in what resisted reading. There are vast gorgeous lyrical moments in the work of Ron Silliman, Clark Coolidge, Michael Palmer (ah!), Charles Bernstein (delicious humor there, too, goofs and plays); but it was the work of the *WOMEN* that always fascinated me: Lyn Hejinian seemed to be writing a new emotional phenomenology, Carla Harryman played and played with her world, and Diane Ward was a science of lips and kissing. I read them here.

My discovery, shortly thereafter, of what Language Poetry had left behind for us, served to finally and utterly free me. The Post-language generations have applied the constructedness of

the '80s to a new and brilliant classicism, a return of beauty, of feeling, in the avant-garde. It's as if Malevich delivered a drunken eulogy, forgot not to use his pronoun. Much of this comes from the mixture of Language Poetry's collage-practice and resistance to closure with more "traditional" sources: not only do we have Stein in us, but Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth, Dickinson, Whitman: and, instead of ignoring these more canonical strains, we infest and subvert them: sonnets.

### **(SORRY, RON!)**

Which is exactly what previous avant-gardes sought NOT to do. The concept of an "avant-garde sonnet," despite Ted Berrigan's gorgeous example, is patently ridiculous to some poets. For them, all this Anglo-kultur is a burden, not to be dragged behind us in the vain hopes for a classical harmony.

I seek a (gasp) compromise between the surface of the poem, the impasto of phonetic opium, and the depth, the emotional need that gave rise to the poem in the first place. As a white Anglo poet in the 21st century, it has struck me that just what we need are more sonnets, perhaps, less prattling on and on about "organic form" (which has always seemed to me to be shorthand for "laziness")...more thought, more shape.

If the over-worked "Post-modernism" is to mean anything at all, it's this blending of what was "high-brow" with what is now kitsch or pop...and the freedom to play the past like the instrument it is. This means Shakespeare can be the Green Lantern if he wishes to be, or (probably more to the point) a Power-puff Girl. Heidegger may flame. In this, Andy Warhol was more of a genius than we'll ever really know; he is, after all, one of the ones who ushered in this brave age.

That's why I chew gum when I write sonnets.

### **POLITICS**

I do not come from your tribe.

## TRUTH AND BEAUTY AND A BAG OF CHIPS

I've heard it called a resurgence of beauty. Some will find these awkward children of mine unbeautiful, but we know better, don't we? I do not believe they are dead.

I like to think of words as taffy. There is an extreme awareness of the taste of the air in these poems, because daily I tune myself to such things. I love silence: no books, no music, no television, silent computer, nothing humming but the electricity of life around me. When I was younger I would creep off into the empty field behind George Daniel Field in Lorain and smoke a joint as the sun came up, and once I thought I heard the sky vibrate. My friend John said it was just the sound of the traffic against the clouds. Everything in the universe ricochets and flowers.

Well, SOMEONE'S gotta be an outcast dandy, wear funky pants and blink off and on with smoke, it's not a bad job if you get to keep your anonymity, and I like to walk everywhere I go, I think. I mean, I'm not an artist who's looking for pure thought, y'know? I'm not sure (everything is waves) things can be pried apart so easily. When I read certain old poems (like *DESIRE*), I'm reminded of the life that was swirling around their creation--I left someone, I was living in a friend's attic, the peaked ceiling and open insulation, or the funky way I wrote *AUTONOBIOGRAPHY* (in columns, in skinny lines adjacent--what you read are actually the seams between sentences coceptually vertical, like), or the pain and ecstasy of *THE SONNETS*, *CLING*'s post-personal therapy, *LIGHT*'s almost novelistic chronicalling, and this new inwardness and intensity in *SCORPIO. THE NEW HACKER'S DICTIONARY* was an experiment in collage, the copied units were pasted almost at random, or for a visual(more than semantic) fit. Haphazard discoveries. The *BOTHER* with Sheila, that giddiness of twining in digital textspace with the most gracious and ingenious poet in the world; the friends, the friends, the friends...

Do you feel a "thank you" section coming on? I do. I find it beautiful these people exist. Some are poets, some are friends. Without any one of them, these poems might not have been written:

Sheila E. Murphy, a guru; Thomas Lowe Taylor, sometimes my dad, sometimes my brother; John M. Bennett, who slithered down these blasted paths long before I; Jon Cone, who has been ever since I met him in the pages of *LOST AND FOUND TIMES* both an illuminating reader and a trusted friend; Alan Sondheim, who also long before I made the new technology sing to us; Michael Waldecki, a poet who taught me the value of words and how careful one must be; Mike Vaughn, who, in addition to being my first full



collaborative effort (the pop band Zik Dwahrgma), also learned me my first HTML; Tom Suhar, who showed me how to love a small country diner; Christie Schwarz, whose often unheeded advice on my love life was very much appreciated; Julia Stroup, who taught me how to love shiny pants; Eileen Whitacre, for the squinty half-suspicious very beautiful way she looks at me when she's high; Kathe Davis, for being a cautious reader and avid prodder of independent thought; Maggie Anderson, who enlarged my concept of unity; Bob King, who made me feel at home; Dana Norris, who gave me a wonderful set of her own handmade dishes; Kory Thornburg, who showed me what Shakespeare meant when he wrote about a "dark lady."

### **ALL THAT**

I take it all back. I don't mean anything.

Lewis LaCook  
10/15/00--12/4/00  
6268 Fifth Avenue  
Kent, OH 44240

## AUTONOBIOGRAPHY

Blue plate on word processor lid  
 Bites and scratches when  
 It wasn't an ordinary day Peppered with resined weed Big fat  
 ass  
 I did everything as usual These cigarettes are heavy my lungs  
 drop to my bowels  
 Afternoon vampires in celluloid escape So they can get the  
 farther away from my brain  
 Molded a crucifix out of play-dough Lizard with scales of  
 diskettes I just woke up  
 Because at night I heard voices around the windows Climbing  
 through vacuum  
 Choosing me for something I can only guess at now Crumpled red  
 pack with cellophane  
 The hands that came out of the walls in my fever The musical  
 plastic that shouts corner  
 Were reaching for me for something only slightly defined To  
 seal in carcinogenic goods  
 I played behind the smashed wall anyway Planks of sentences sit  
 me before me listen at  
 Making up stories for all our action figures So I can figure in  
 the rest of the mix him  
 And alone in that mostly until the figures disappeared My memory  
 is made of silk  
 All that stayed behind were stories And holes through it you see  
 Socks so thin it numbs  
 That keeps me company even here This room I sit in having  
 thought you can't have  
 I've become an animal without (a) pride As a guest or  
 inhospitable host holding his  
 My father lying in their bedroom I fed off him as long as I  
 could a leaf baby  
 A belly of balloon holding up darkness And then he paled and  
 sank i gotta put you  
 We weren't allowed in there but Like dropping good watch into  
 water down  
 It wasn't an ordinary day Trying to read time so I won't be  
 late you're way too  
 That was quite as usual An error message averred massage  
 heavy for me 10/20/97  
 Riot of pumped blood caught stopped Sky over back lawn drowning  
 blue oh god my wrist  
 The flow snagged on a shattered shoulder of wall Tree nearest  
 study wound with twine

So I threw the figures away and leaned on it Another with green  
heart fringed by rust

And went to school Across from us neighbors plant pine shrubs  
to line fence hurts

Where I felt like the only boy alive in the rooms Is nature a  
barrier to survival maybe

Staring out the windows over heads of ghosts Waking to eat  
yesterday's movie popcorn

To watch a man on a machine slash the grass Her sleeping  
overlaps my play you go

Such is my education I lived in a capsule We forget but  
sometimes the edges touch

Rocking on the talk of others got me stoned And I fold and she  
folds pester daddy

Until I was old enough to get the good stuff And now you too  
must fold ain't he

When we moved from the east side to 12th st Poetry means I've  
got your tongue

A threadbare split-seemed stuffed cuddle-snake That old fist-  
trick tortures a child

Dragged behind me coils softly luminous Weather is ugly on us  
awful

In its ancient grime pointed at the dog Leaves shroud the  
raised rocks laps tongue

Who sprinted from me back and forth On which we placed meager  
flowers fuzzes

Made me laugh to be in such a big place I'm still alive today  
more coffee

I just wanted the dog to kiss me I just want to kiss the cat  
more cancer

We weren't allowed in there so A big enough howls buildings to  
powder prowling

I haven't written anything about how he died This is about how  
I died trying tighter

He pushed his bigot jokes across the table at eating She sings  
low to her sleep green

And the city colored with its walking the streets Notes  
massage account of our rim

We shared the girls on the corner Message flushes away of our  
living here

We shared the balls the bats the hoops and rubber Heat kicks  
into effect a kind of

But sometimes I sent him away so I could bounce They ran over  
his head in an alley

So I could make stories for figures to do Because we guessed he  
saw talk without

I thought she was a boy the first time I saw her Tripping a  
 winter across ice pauses  
 Hovering about a white girl with bulging sweater On the frozen  
 track we kissed and  
 Who seemed glad that I was near to divert the conversation  
 Sometimes I made us believe  
 Away from brace of blue eyes boring through core Glaciers  
 folding over the swears  
 I thought I was a boy until the other boys teased me Rubbing  
 her legs for friend

## **BONDAGE**

String crawls across where manhole covers used to be.  
 Someone's alarm has been going off since the beginning

Of time, and now several minutes have thickened on the  
 Window, and now several miniatures have worked their tiny

Seperate ways into the hold, where we sit for days, drawing  
 Diagrams around ourselves, new Big Bang arrangements in

Duke Ellington's closet that go "pop!" when the pump clicks  
 Into place. Someone's alarm has been erasing the blueprints

Since the end of time, and someone's getting tied up, right  
 Now, in a hotel room beneath the shivering weight of the sea

5/10/00

## **ROADSIDE SERVICE**

It's been sitting by the road for days--an opaque, milky worm,  
 someone's washed-out moment of ecstasy, like lightning bit them,  
 then evaporated, leaving this deflated linger: hunger's zenith to  
 descent. The first one I ever saw was a bright pink, FIESTA  
 brand, though everyone on the bus knew it wasn't for sleep. I  
 unrolled it mornings ago over a pulsing urgency, freeze-framing  
 my neighbor at the time, thickened on subsidy cheese and  
 surprise pregnancy, bending over in the yard to retrieve one of  
 her new son's old toys. I think I wanted to be her young husband,  
 wiry and muscled (no books in HIS house), who went to work and  
 came home and went to work and came home, never needing any

further explanation. I guess I thought no-one would hit me then.  
 I watched in slow motion the ripple of her thick thighs, wondered  
 if those legs connected to hips that couldn't wholly be held,  
 ever, if those hips bucked to meet the need or lay still and  
 dried to death in the sun, leaving dark crisp streaks

After it rains here all the cows lie down, lowing to mourn their  
 emptiness

3/30/00

## **NINE POPPIES**

*for Kory*

She hovers at the blade of the broken moon.  
 Smokes the outlines of objects away. Her  
 Gestures are the armament of summer dusk's  
 Obsession. Her lights are deadened by indecision.  
 She has made an indelible incision in your dreams  
 That snaps you out of sleep into sleeping. Wind  
 Is her language, and shuddering pale sky. When  
 Her eyes fall on you you will see. A body  
 Blocks the passing of the fishbelly sun.

\*

A body blocks the passing of the fishbelly sun.  
 Yellow was a hole in the yearning that she came for,  
 Stunned with ice, still as a leper's breath, shrivelling  
 Blackened red poppies beneath summer's dusk obsession.  
 This was the sound of her calling. The sprawl of her throat  
 Across concrete eats the spine, blossoms seething fissures  
 Like the dangerous crawl of opium through prickling skin,  
 A gong gone off among the deep. Anonymously she slices  
 Your attention to hold you to place.

\*

Anonymously she slices your attention to hold you to place.  
 Static and its fluid rapture, the sliding glance beneath  
 Conversations blooming, rank like the sprawl of her throat  
 Fetid across deep drives, hidden mosses. Beating charges  
 Of architecture in chasms bubbling symmetry outmoded,  
 she smokes the objects of their outlines. An orchestra

Somewhere in the folds of inventing her shrieks an autocratic  
Remembering, an oligarchy of fumes and splashes that surges  
Earthward in dedalus blankets of exploding, exposed. Heard.

\*

Heard. A morning stabs clouds on top of my head.  
The cherry smolders in the black tray, braiding need  
To weed, forgetting flowers furling fathoms into  
Fetal buds. Her symmetry is outmoded in corridors  
Lit clean, like prow of sex slinks not leaving you alone.  
She walks erect, like all the rockets you dream of.  
Her shadows on my stomach convex like her aura,  
Pulling at the smashed in, grains of glass like teeth  
With which to see. Thinking her is a fabulous drone.

\*

Thinking her is a fabulous drone; juice concentrates  
Voices to galvanize the proper separation. Blending  
My ends through her long fallow eyes, bliss blisters  
Furiously, like fingers of music crackling and sin  
Trimming slinks from not leaving you alone. A drink  
Of her by moonlight freezes your nestling upstairs.  
Bristling with anathema of her bent levelled across the carpet,  
Crossing herself in restless exodus, over and over, foaming  
At the head with petrified weather: calmly, you die.

\*

Calmly, you die. Salacious in glimmers of refracted ardor,  
Refuge and refusal piercing her tongue with red paste,  
Your swinging from posts in arcs upsets a body  
Locked in her deadeyed carnal gaze, tense as a moment,  
A drink of her fine moonlight. When her sides open  
On the poxed side of the planet, expect nothing more  
Than the cold guilt of night scrubbing your bones  
Of the mercy of forgetfulness, flowers smoking your  
Outline away. Only she, alone in curled waves.

\*

Only she, alone in curled waves, dressing the tides  
In the cruelty of her perfection. Thickened by amorous  
Ripening, the pods rot in purple bruised streaks,  
Shedding their juices in my belly: swollen heads, awash

In humming syrup, with her sides upon the current  
 Of your room's dim circuit, shocking quills. Triads  
 Compose surface area in glittering spastic thrills as  
 She falls through the bath, through her memory  
 Hurling with sentient static: happy as shattered glass, seen.

\*

Happy as shattered glass, seen in circles crossing  
 Against herself, smooth and patient as time's emptying  
 Motion, the fragment of moon caught in the gas of  
 Her hair has stolen heads and jets, a wash that  
 Deflates belladonna, caustic as the scorch of her  
 Passing. You scrawl gurgles of world into the open  
 Jar, Mindful of the birds, their solemn cries and  
 Lethal lunges. Here there is no history. When  
 Flame bends, again, to snuff head out, again; light's broken.

\*

Light's broken. So am I, studded with august's  
 Ice, licking sap from wounds with blue lips.  
 You draw the strings tighter to close the bag;  
 Nothing will fall from it save my identity, my  
 Backwater golem all smeared with incisions:  
 Her surgery mistake, gawking at the whole. Such  
 Proclamations deafen the belladonna, which lists  
 Back and forth, wavering, ordinal. This cordial  
 Weeping in its glass through the heat of the day  
 Tastes like memory collapsing to music. She floats there.

7/30-8/1/98  
 506 South Lincoln, Kent

## **STALLED ON A DIRT ROAD**

Terry Meadows, ninth grade relief  
 For rougher boys, wears  
 Baggy lavender sweatpants over  
 Gravity-drenched flesh.  
 On the bus to school she sits  
 With Joe, or Doug, whichever  
 Scent that's called her from her  
 Convent of sexual extroverts

This week. Her face, a heart  
 Turned over, flare of cheeks that  
 Taste good (must), flushes the bunch  
 Of blocked-up wet dreams from all of us,

Mostly that's me. I don't touch anything.  
 On the bus to school I read and read,  
 And Shawn thinks I hover over the squeaky  
 Leather seat. I want to touch something.  
 Her face, the very prick of pink, needled  
 With nerd spectacles, slides forever over  
 The dirt road they gouged into the hill

2/29/00

### **I SAW THE MOON'S MEAT BREATHING WATER LIKE AN ISOTOPE**

John M. Bennett & Lewis LaCook

The moon, like us, is meat.  
 Leaves swell beneath an expository  
 Sun. Sometimes they talk so fast  
 That all you see is blur, bubble of

Blood and walking breathes water's  
 Sight gland, something in the trough  
 Rolls like isolation isoghosting  
 On the concrete's drip division

With visors on, something seeing us  
 Walking in those crippled paths from trough  
 To water. The moon, like us, was  
 Unrolling milk, O sight engorged clouds,

Their slathered meat your pants fulfill  
 (Blind fish in the white glass swell).

5/17/00--5/23/00

### **POPPY TEA**

*for Christine*

It's like the night's cracked and leaking



Blue jewels through my long-suffering blanket.  
 You're okay. It's just the poppy tea. Just  
 The piques on a whipped will of morning  
 Nudging with a pale snout the soulsighs away.  
 So you're looking into this girl's eyes, with all  
 Seriousness, as she's picking seeds from your  
 Belly. Snowing opium, pulling pods out of your  
 Pockets, stolen from an innocent flowerbed, and  
 Her knees brush you. No-one's snoring. You  
 Note impeccably the golden crown, buzzing with  
 Vegetable indifference in your teeth. These small  
 Charms against entropy, do they work? The fluid  
 Webbed brown and bitter with all its color, we strain  
 Twice and flavor with honey. They hide behind the plants  
 As I case the street, pockets bulging with pretty green  
 Heads, warmth beyond the yawn of blossom, where I  
 Swallowed in darkness intersects with your breathing,  
 The waves of your sleep tingling edges of world. Tonight  
 The drop from the known is slower than doubt. And  
 He says she plays with his head.

1998

### **YOU WATER ME WITH SUNNY DAYS**

Me, I live at the smart of this pin.  
 As North as it goes, where your snows  
 Bleach my dusky streams to burnished  
 Diaphony; see beneath? Those seas  
 Sex your depth paper-thin, until you  
 Swarm with mercury, patch of tell-tale  
 Temperature pent with tepid time. You  
 Tire soon of the regularity,

Squatting in someone else's box throwing  
 Switches, spitting sparks. Is this  
 How to hold still in the spins? Someone  
 Once told me you were looking for me;

God, that trill at the head  
 Of my cock as you water me  
 With sunny days, grids of pissant  
 Snowfall push my boots back  
 When I walk, and I can't just yet

Close all the windows to that cold  
 And exit Netscape, not on your life.  
 I live in a prison of prisms twanged and tangled:

Waning and swollen, casting cheap  
 Haloes of air on all the angels  
 In the smoking lounge; grinding down  
 Daylight to forge the lens. You looked

Taller in my dreams. You stood  
 On top of my mother.

1/21/00

from **THE SONNETS**  
*for Kory*

Gravity traced you as a teardrop, a tiny deluge;  
 Falling on yourself, you surrender solidity to solitude:  
 Single, opaque, appropriating the pace of stones. Huge  
 Poses wring poems from pure air; at this precarious altitude  
 Any flawed word could hurt. Sure of yourself you step  
 Calmly on the writhing wire. Terminal wishlists abound  
 The curl of your mouth, cruel, even, with pled depth  
 Killing sleep to green the dawn. I want you round  
 As a moon sits in a mood and garbles tributary faints.  
 Through his swollen tongue a horizon fishes pendulously deacayed,  
 Enough so that when you glide to me, quiet as the deaths of  
 saints  
 The room shivered. Between absinthe and obsidian, I want you to  
 stay  
 Warmly with ceaseless forming, tremendously naked, I want  
 elevation  
 To stop the sky. So where in your razed typology is revelation?

\*

When my smile reaches you, parting your long black hair,  
 Works through your ripe berry mouth, and tickles you  
 Up through the chasms in our field where all their talk is bare,  
 Something begins. It begins with a ripple, then a swoon,  
 Muffled nectar in looks that are fingers, hands across curves  
 Shuddering echoes that construct, beating seasons  
 Out of weighted shoals; It moves like every verb,  
 Disassembling my itineraries, calling weird hours, no reason--

An entire wave, a way inside. Music struggles from your birth.  
 A flog of tools is slipping inside the fatal machination of  
 thought.  
 If your smile reaches me, tempestuous in sovereignty, an ambush  
 stirred  
 To an erected seascape, fleshy in that hunger, flowering: be sure  
 to lock  
 The gates to your mind. Because once inside, this absence you  
 are,  
 Exploding pure and vacuous...slides near as I slide far.

1998

### **PRETTY SCIENTISTS**

Maybe there are others. My stomach turns to ballet, sifting  
 through cracked doors and brochure windows; photographs of light  
 switches that burn these uninsured rooms with a luminescence not  
 quite solid, nor liquid, nor gas. For example, you cannot spread  
 the gift of sight across this prolific floor in palpitating  
 threads to your lover writhing asleep. At the limits of your  
 flesh you swallow it in obscure capsules, not caring if the  
 inscription warns you not to take it as seriously as all that, so  
 you know the difference between play and love is...spoons  
 saturated with hallucinatory frost. You scoop these tokens up  
 from the floor of the ocean; you flower with photos of blooms

I am light, and sound, all

3/23/00

from **BEYOND THE BOTHER OF SUNLIGHT**, Lewis LaCook and Sheila E.  
 Murphy

This new positive dimension shirks oncoming  
 Duties still glutted with scars.  
 Is silence perfectly indicative of something  
 Other? The rods and rituals disintegrate  
 Our first impressions here and at the center  
 Of incumbency where truth is partially  
 A ruthless interference with inductive logic  
 Postured to make fathering repeatedly a chore.  
 Is it true that where we are makes laws for how

We see? These quiet days are how the lips  
 Of the new century nuzzle into harmonics  
 So strenuous they tense with pleasure,  
 Upending themselves in positive spills.  
 I slip beneath salts of cup, hypnotically full.  
 Love prowls the hollow armory, mimicing television, mincing  
 Sex until it's a poultice of warmth somewhat cloying but  
 Relief. Sometimes when I'm running my hands  
 Over our relationship my palms find a  
 Pock. "What's with the stench, honey?" she  
 Asks me. But the memory's full, I can't  
 Copy or paste that file, I can only  
 Cope with it/breed with it, and there are all these  
 Stars in how she talks, light whittled sharp  
 By living. "The lining of all the text came out."  
 I walked to the store instead.

Do I have to draw you a map? I was standing  
 On Ron's balcony with the door closed while they  
 Watched television; the century passed  
 And gray incisions of limbs branched forever  
 To the moon. Here is Orion. Here is his belt.  
 But why list? It's true in one place, but  
 Not in another. Maybe  
 Several maps of the same region, each varying  
 Vastly on similar points. There was a  
 Thick gift to speech back then, the limits  
 Of regularity; too many managers jockeying  
 For omnipotence, all finished. If Mikey  
 Likes Life cereal here, then  
 Maybe over here he'll like it too?  
 Pressures riot contrapuntal manifestations of growth,  
 Are glad for slips of pills as silk  
 Chokes back another gunshot aggravation.  
 Her fingers blacked by smudges of drawing  
 On still life, the backs of mirrors.  
 Coffee undone is an intricate pile of cezanne.

Most to the point, pressure pills its way to smooth  
 Reversal of these aggravations drawn to scale.  
 I'm warning you, the still life simulates a cloying speech.  
 When you are warm, I am a nuzzled mesh of jockeying  
 Flush with silt and fabric-manifest incisions made  
 To drape across the mood rings of maternity.  
 She's never satisfied dot com. She's always onioning  
 Where I would have thought the counterpoint amounted

To a sturdy sea you could depend on to exact  
 A Heraclitean pulp out of delivery.  
 That's why I'm here: to gift the lining back to wool.  
 Omnipotence is an injustice to competitors  
 Obsessed with mapping the indignities of handheld  
 Machines. My destiny comes in a cup bereft of salt.  
 I take these pills. These pills equate to being  
 Falsely accused of loving harmony that is not  
 Imposed. Thresholds like us back to back.

We make our own laws exquisitely pertaining to time zones.  
 Tact is pocked with places germs hide.  
 In fact, I think the regularity of speech retains its drizzle  
 marks  
 Right where we thought them.  
 Cezanne in some large way filled holes before  
 The thought of quiet interfered with actuality.  
 I'm never tense when you are far enough away.  
 The razor wire of distance patches open space.  
 I occupy my diary, meaning the blank one.  
 I tend it, tend to leave things open where  
 You might exceed the limitations on framed closure.  
 All of the above becomes a lie in certain contexts.  
 For example, this one, in which my clothing  
 Has been left in a sub-zero lineage to permanently dry.  
 Then I will wear myself into the outback,  
 Heralding and grimacing about what won't work,  
 Despite enamorata in bold type.  
 I'll try hypnosis if you'll agree to hollow out  
 The doldrums of an immutual young past.  
 The roses always work, not how we think.  
 Lights are strange. We call them something  
 Different from selves within the classified  
 Intolerable game of keepaway perpetually defining  
 Communion. Lights are traces of autobiography,  
 Clinging slickly to the lining of the can.

I'm far enough away to be made nervous by the  
 Thought of quiet. The coldest geneology means  
 She doesn't like Stein, asks me  
 What it is in this I love. Reading paintings of  
 Objects, food, rooms, inexact in their tactfulness,  
 Splayed about the cell like light that haplessly  
 Wandered in. I tell her  
 About 'Buck Rogers in the 21st Century,' how  
 Odd it is to live into your own childhood's distant

Future. Originally they wanted to include this  
 In their story forum, but I was doubly persuasive,  
 Irked by an antiestablishmentism that thinks  
 Like professors at the bank. What's with all these  
 White folks hating the government? Suddenly, I  
 Congressed an ornamentation of amending bills out  
 Of existence, Poets Who Don't  
 Rub Money the Wrong Way, only  
 People flexing in the sadness of a midnight  
 Grocery store, heavy with equations in which  
 They know themselves by their antithesis, normality,  
 And not the riot blooms they are. This is something  
 Of a crime. We got the pictures back  
 At last, there I am like a fried  
 Led Zeppelin, lacking only the fallacy  
 Of guitar and microphone. You know  
 You don't need it. I slid into  
 Diaristic modes to better describe  
 The trees. Rimbaud  
 Wrote later with guns and hack  
 Engineering; his was a penetrating  
 Diffusion. In fact, I think speech  
 Retains its drizzle marks right where  
 She thought them. Rave was the password.  
 Cigarette smoke contains carbon monoxide.

1999-2000

## **FIVE DOLLARS**

Yes; this new Kirk Mangus coffeecup  
 Of blued-white and impish lift, sits  
 Urgently. Gently, a knot in my little toe  
 Ruts in umbilical heat with the shaved parts of

Landscaping trailwise unless notified of  
 Imagination clearance early enough to  
 Perform fractious surgery whistle, factoring in  
 Shipment and handling and handling and handling;

Help me tame thys wilde beeste. But  
 Overall, I would rate his performance as  
 Venal, venereal, vulnerable, and volatile:  
 Even the navyblue flies like the aquamarine fish,  
 Really can't get most of my fingers in there, which is

Something I'm sure she meant. Anyway, I think she  
 Endears herself by lining her burst lips with  
 Violet, to thrust them out at you, peek peek peek  
 Ever closer to inside there where gold kisses are always  
 Raining down your body's droplet like plummeting denim  
 Earthy and smoothly, momentarily valedictorian.

Your handle juts out like a chest full of tuxedo,  
 Earning bonus points for being buttoned-down,  
 Angry, gangrenous in a cynical voyeurism gone un-  
 Ruly and at the same time amorphous, which means I  
 Suck morals from it, she struck me with a union jack purse

And shrieked in abandon, "Don't even think of leaving me here  
 With myself all alone." As the grassy knoll scans nasal bullets  
 And palatal foodstuffs to pawn, you snuck a snake past me,  
 Yearning forward to the bulwark awkward hips that do not shrink

From blue. I heard a story once about a woman who, th-  
 Rough sonorous magic was able to trap the mouth  
 Of the sun in a clay jar breaking in thrown  
 Many miles from here. They say in those days,

Yellow could not be synthesized in a lab setting, an  
 Orifice had to be arranged, some cynical mass  
 Uttering, "Please, please, don't leave me alone here,"  
 Roughly. A coffeecup holds and is held.

Mother, wormholes DO exist. They scorch your w-  
 Omb during this season of ink-scratch mantras,  
 Urging all of us to foam with printing costs.  
 Though mounds of negative space persist in the universe,  
 Hot debate bets everything on an unsound mind

4/27/00

## **JELLYFISH DISTRACTION**

*for Dana*

I was blending in. Weaving in and out of traffic, drawing her  
 thin honeyed loop through his eyes. Above morning there was a  
 cathedral made of light. Down below, if one looks closely,  
 angels snuff themselves out with a wisp, bent tendrils of glass  
 supplicant to the gift of her belly through a shift in her jeans.

Love's opposite coronation. The corporation bodies a calenture of spacious weight.

AIDS, for instance. It amounts to the lesion topicality inserts in the header. "A vain control couldn't puncture him." At least we were on time.

At 9:58 PM on 8/22/99, "Lewis LaCook" writes:

"Glad you saw halves of stars blow slowly like flint stark narcotics binged on far beams of throat or only the speed of chair. Glad you chirp bantering shape slew thine idle deliciousness sleeping her belly to films milked of filling, tuning slowly spits polled worship chips as glue. Good to have morbidly incorporated you. Our core curriculum consists of:

- 1.) Even In Her High School Pictures Has A Naked Smile
- 2.) Hush. They will not find you here." Something Coming
- 3.) I know it's not me.
- 4.) Empty door. Empathy room Where the Houses get
- 5.) filaments. lamentations. mental nembutal.

...brute storage of speedometers pedaling uphill in spite of. Above the night a jellyfish spun from distraction. Down below, we could just make out films of chair, a shift in her jeans couldn't puncture him, as glue. Can I kiss you Where The Crops Grow?

1999

## MOONLANDING ON VENUS

*"...she's not afraid to die.*

*The people all call her Alaska."*

*--Lou Reed/The Velvet Underground*

I

I don't remember why I stopped studying surrealism.  
All the books I'm reading now are older than us,  
Unremembered poets unafraid of this cathechism,  
This shivering fringe where darkness and light muss  
The surface of being awake. I remember my Strawberry  
Shortcake sticker book, the sunlit world play sprawled  
Across the cornfield on Sandylake Road, and faltering  
A quiet half-caught on the swingset within me, I thawed  
The unremitting ice until tufts of sickly grass, failing  
Swiftly, beseeched me to listen. I don't remember why



I stopped taking walks. Somewhere in the woods the fainting  
 Of light through leaves reminded me of people who died.  
 I remember my boyfriend's head in my lap, asleep in the car.  
 The finely-stitched fracture that follows where we are.

## II

I remember sucking a butterscotch candy  
 Out of my boyfriend's mouth, and giving it  
 Back to him. The politics of moon-landing  
 On Venus is encouragement enough just to sit  
 Here, listening to sickly grass, write poems  
 About his cabin and the water. I don't remember  
 The first time I wore make-up. It woke the golems  
 In the water by his cabin; they would surrender  
 To the stitches I made of them with my pen. Ashes  
 On your forehead must have meant you were touched.  
 I don't remember life before being in love. Crashes  
 And smiling bunched metal. You, so proud of the clutch.  
 I remember smoking with my brother after a break-up,  
 Listing everything in the world we found abrupt.

## III

I remember tasting pecan pie for the first  
 Time. The weight of that sweet, a quiver  
 Down low somewhere within where this thirst  
 Bubbles up, the fringe of the line, shivers.  
 I remember doing donuts on the ice of the  
 Church parkinglot: I would tease him. Don't  
 You know it fills me up with surprise, stuck  
 In the middle, 18 hours straight on the phone?  
 Do you remember my unicorn shirt with the striped  
 Sleeves? What was in them? Crashes and smiling  
 Bunched metal. My boyfriend's head, already typed.  
 Everywhere we could have gone without flying.  
 Somewhere in the woods a sickly light unfurled;  
 I don't remember my family vacation to Disney World.

2/11/00

from **DESIRE**

...The logic is state approved. The thing is constructed but weakly in the small form, child catalyst for mother's noun. Verbs taught him how. Foolish page of the trees, digging become cloudy. Do you want me to? Logic theory, the period's dark all. I'd like to go there. She wears no bra, so when she slouches her breasts hang in an inverted heart. Meaning is desire, mine, yours, or theirs. He's homeless, lost his context; outside the jurisdiction, protest is a quizzing of the waters before immersion. The salt inside a woman's belly. I, on the other hand, can stomach it. Oh yeah? He's homeless before immersion, parallax flattening an entity dismal cortex. Other quizzing yours, so want? In its entirety. Loose on the inside. The other one is supposed to do that. The period's breasts lost the salt. Feed the fissure oiling the afterbirth. Jayce Renner. As she rises from the sectioned compartment, contiguous blisters water the french sockets. I dream a crowd hurling heavy rocks at my head, the cloying viscosity of my fluid erupted through their head. Bury me at sea where no murdered ghosts can haunt me. Sky the color of coughing. The sweetness of the bagel with jelly is so poignant she throws half of it away. Their neighbor's dog bounds in shrinking circles to bind him in a centrifuge of play. Bury the sweetness loose on the salt. Bra mine. From here the boards are looser. It's her darkness, her floating core, that you covet. The base of the bong is littered with weed debris. Fist beneath worn sheet of skin. Not filters: code machine. For our benefit small brown envelopes are displayed. Is it possible with rhetoric to abstain from the world? Contents itself with surface. I want intimacy with my daily life, an immanence implied but unpracticed in the pronoun. From here, the base of the code. You can't believe it isn't me. There's always the chance that it's happening very differently. Bra you covet, worn sheet displayed, with surface in the pronoun. Or an orb blur. Which says something about. The strobe wrapped itself ghostly around the slope of her shape/ the plunge down her shoulders to ebb near its waist. John Schmidt. I am a very warm, giving person. Yes, yes, she says, I want you to seduce me, for god's sake seduce me. Bust writing I hate you I hate you. In their assured black shoes, brown spools of taste it unwound in my mouth. But my sex suis un autre. They told me to choose, but the choice I made left me under no further obligations. So you've finally had enough of the coast. The very orb slope a sake spools. Desire:unbirthday. Furious violin whippin'. Daylight seeps like nerve gas into the courtyard. Because we're old, and what was congruent in us once is now so well fit it's sterile. She knew where to find his humanity, provided he hadn't cannibalized it in the name of art. Every day, another telephone

call offering specials on magazines, usually in the morning,  
 which ringing which wincing they answer. I am buying. Which  
 telephone humanity was whppin' enough to choose? Cannibalized so  
 well nerve orb left in writing. The screen's smudged, and letters  
 curl in misdirections under dirt. The strobe to ebb says I hate  
 you. Integrity of text. Mathew Swarthout. Which simply means  
 I'm inattentive to. My teeth on the blued veins of the mushroom.  
 Pulp in my mouth under dirt remits camera angle to telescopic  
 denotation in the pelucid notebook. Armpit juice permutes  
 marginal aristocracy, upon which property values hinge in an  
 uncoalesced effort to diffuse the palindrome its fever. It's as  
 if as if could be me. Mushroom, the pelucid values hinge. The  
 other is alien? A knelt board slope reneges. My teeth, camera  
 angle, marginal, diffuse. How would you like to be dipped in the  
 finest brocades of whispered amber ever glass-blown in the drip-  
 factory? Lie in the soil and fertlise mushrooms. Gravity  
 thickens within despair. Spreading her among the flora, scent is  
 powder exploded, explored the plunder of the twist of her skin,  
 intrinsic silk and silt of cries against his shoulder. The cat  
 wishes to look pathetic with a voiceless protest. For whom pro-  
 and pre- interfuse. Cropped hair ruffled, limp against her brow.  
 Yes, my foot feels fine. A new language is already dead,  
 nearly. Desire: other. The prescription for my days comes from  
 "on high." Sittin' on top of de worl'. They use a catheter, and  
 there are all sorts of tests. A heaviness to together, as if the  
 air conspires to wound. Agamemnon boner. I pray to the sun to  
 secure the moon. Proactive dialogue regulates faith from here  
 to versimilitude. That she returns your stare unafraid. The grass  
 has a bloated, misused appearance, as if it were a drunk waking  
 to the first impassive planks of a terrible unfamiliarity.  
 Language comes, sorts boner to appearance. On the mimetic axis  
 the allies chart the tops of the war. Something is certainly  
 wrong with him. Saw edge to the laughter. "Alive." When the  
 single cell infects others. Slant crawl of run through word  
 flesh. Pain tick interfuse already dead, "on high" a heaviness  
 to the sun that she returns bloated, a terrible allies laughter.  
 After the word "divorce" the room begins to sink.  
 Gleeful/needful. Some cats in america get the creeps--our busses  
 are called greyhounds! Language comes of the war, the more toys  
 the lustre annexed. Our challenge today is to face each other,  
 unwincing, and speak. Her eyes, their swollen scrawl lanced with  
 splintered, "red" and leaking sideways onto her sleeve. Language  
 face splintered, explored shoulder plunder the plot of ours  
 unwinding down. Something single already after. I pray that she  
 returns drunk. Always the woman with the car picks you up. The  
 Romance of Algebra. In absolute attention there is no center...

1998

# **PLASTER MANNEQUIN'S HAND**

Chapter 4 of *CLING*(Anabasis 2000)

With the hat tamping down  
Your long hazel hair and those  
Lips pursed to hide the  
Disaster of your teeth making you  
Alone and loose at the furthest  
Table of the lunchroom,  
Like a girl,

I'd ballooned to this point by specifically rubbing it,  
Headphones that WERE the texture of the night  
In paces of smoking the music from cool spiked hands,

The kind that bleed all over your sheets almost monthly.

In the projects during the summer meant leaning on frames  
While smoking with sunglasses while cars that throb pass  
In prowls that vent those hours you doubted your admittance  
To the normal life where we knew the limitations and discussed  
it.

You never adjusted to your replacement, but  
I saw things I don't ever want to talk about.  
I held you the night they burst through your door

Where cold stars had starved the cat's crying  
Against the windows, maybe smelling the powder  
In the air, maybe sniffing at what's left of you.  
Dawns would crawl over the backyard there and  
We'd still be talking, the grill cold and  
The beer long warm. Sometimes I'd be  
Out in my parents' driveway bouncing obsessively  
a worn and dusty basketball, and you knew I couldn't play,  
Something raw had crawled between the sight of me.  
I played with that plaster mannequin's hand for years,

Its beautiful oddity among the rest of my toys  
Warring off the fevers, I'd reach in my desk  
And stroke the knit of the caterpillar magnet I  
Kept there. When I got home from school that

Day they'd already taken you away. The family  
 Around the kitchen table, breakage of my entering  
 Unaware. You make me smash the clay cross I  
 Made. Everyone agrees they hadn't quite done  
 You justice, your hair was a different color, when I

Reached out to touch you you were cold. I call

For days, only getting your machine. I can't breathe  
 Here. The only deterrent to me washing my clothes today

Is the rain, reducing all noise to sacrament. At your wake,  
 Watching your father grit his teeth, seeing where you  
 Got your eyes, the word HEROIN dictates the rituals  
 Between us all, ordering my quiets in the midst of pains.  
 You took the faith. like everyone else, but in private  
 You went to the priest, voiced your doubts. The balance  
 In the way you live is a stateless satiation of time, all pace  
 Without witness, seeing where you couldn't be seen.  
 What if god were just another of your pet minor demons?  
 We had in common that women had inside left us stains,

And we'd knit them in gaps in our sheets. The only deterrent  
 To me washing my clothes today is the way we've lit in here,  
 Some subtle softness that draws the room around it, an impasto

Of obituaries, all seemingly erotic. Rose-sore eros. We stole  
 his  
 Dope one night, you snuck slick in the front door and scanned  
 The spelling of under his couch while he slept, smoking it  
 At the synagogue until we bubbled with land arranged to trees.  
 When I scored poppies

I shared, because you were there, you knew  
 What was in them. By four the rain had stopped.  
 I wonder if the ground around you has gone  
 Wet with being eaten, you move so evolved  
 Large for your vehicle. Even temperature drops  
 On your feet, like tears. My lip swollen  
 Blood-awful melted Princess Leia's breasts  
 And we both know it's my story, I'm the  
 Locus of air's meek infections, graceless arbitray top

Completedly sphere. "In the time before the  
 People had fire, they ate their fish and

Meat raw, for they knew that three evil spirits  
 Guarded fire." I know what you went looking for  
 That night your skin greyed to a purity so domineering  
 It demanded following, thorny paths that tangled  
 Your uselessness to further involvement, violations  
 Blossoming sideways over the pole. But I don't know

Where you went. I'd gone to school earlier that day;  
 That you might not be home was always a possibility, but  
 Not that way. Now I think of clouds like some girl  
 Throwing red gauze over the light in her room before she  
 Fucks you. I think of her like pale streetlights penetrating us

Through the car, the red of her lips I wish  
 Dropping all over me, drowning in her petals her  
 Characters for bacteria carving dim folios into

Our limbs, I think fused with you  
 To make more of us nude, biting our tongues.  
 Doors squeal open, hiss, strawberry

Blondes ensue in captions of patchouli whirlpool  
 Shaped much like how you share your sex  
 After the party, testing the combinations a triangle  
 Can explain: I think of her in tingling sprawl  
 And both of you in somehow, that tattoo from her  
 Collarbone to the end of her cleavage, what split  
 Had to happen to  
 Get you there without her?  
 I'm still finding strings of your hair  
 In my books, you look for  
 The one stitch  
 That holds the jacket together. Is that enough?  
 What generous secrets both of you  
 Must have spilled on her, flowing like  
 Pearl strands from the mothering of  
 Her body. I still see her  
 Around,  
 Brown moon touched ceaseless with  
 Desire's immaculate lunacy. I held you the  
 Night they  
 Took you out of the apartment,

The night you drifted to ecstasy.

--(You painted balloons silver and

Set them skyward from the shrubs  
 To reel and trace densities over  
 The heads of the gullible town)--

Dawn crawled like a beatdown cripple  
 Across your backyard some mornings  
 I walked home suffused with  
 The solemnity of scrawling on our front porch  
 The map of how I remembered you  
 Standing anxiously on the sidewalk with him  
 As I lurched homeward drunk, tilted  
 Skywise,  
 Absorbing your light through your gestures of mouth.  
 And why shouldn't she look at you, you said at last,  
 You're smart, you're reasonably goodlooking, you  
 Sore the roses with the pollen that you spoor; a spoon  
 Loops around logic when you gore your reasons for  
 Justifiable cause in carvings that interrupt bacteria  
 Teething on your tides. Is this enough?  
 Do you like it? Sometimes  
 The eyes are bowls, filling with and out.

--Daddies can bite your face  
 If you drift too near them. Angels would  
 Have to come over, coughing up their insides  
 Until your bedrooms spill with wool. You'll repeat  
 What you do with Daddies later until you  
 Get it right. Squirming next to you,  
 Handing you tools. The rabbits the  
 Beagles were supposed to kill--

Because each moment in each room everywhere  
 Is a web gazing tied into itself until it  
 Barely  
 Moves,  
 And on your tongue you taste a noise so careening  
 Off its walls you touch despite and growling softly  
 Surging  
 With  
 You,  
 You scavenge me from moments I can't speak,

Braiding the light around you to accomplish sleep.

It's enough, of what you meant, I think.

--I contract to this point of grasping.  
 You shrink to this contact with lack.  
 I calculate the fling of sunshine's teeth:  
 You're swallowing, Your allowing, you're  
 Erring in your fertile elaboration;

Mosaic, startle of curled essentials, abrupt perils to touch--

10/15-18/99

### **AUTUMN SAUCE**

Heidi Andrea Rhodes and Lewis LaCook

How do you fit those gnarls of static  
 In your flesh like that, when it brims  
 With such a honey-buzzing? The face of the  
 Digital clock grins about "2:06 PM,"  
 but i'm remembering your face the way it was  
 during daylight savings in the fall  
 where gnarls of static were gnarls of grin  
 tasting sugarcane growing beneath your sweet seeded feet,  
 Until everywhere you stepped on me was saccharine,  
 Acidic, smelled of leaves dying and trees  
 Stripping just to get your attention. I lost  
 More than that singular hour when you smiled,  
 lost days; where underneath that last leaf lay  
 fallen in the soil, was the imprint you'd left upon me.

5/18/00--5/22/00

### **CLEPED**

*for Dana*

You stretch from the bed what we've missed of the morning  
 By not being alarmed enough to wake. You do your laundry,  
 You make clay, you kiss your boyfriend the poet on his way

To narrowly miss the carnage of Chaucer on his tongue. In  
 The quiet simmer of his room, steadily crowding with winter  
 And his own individual metaphor for bliss, he sends his verbs

Out along strands of sun tangling snow to its monologue;  
 Helpless pearls, unaware of quiet weavers beneath the beams,



Your bodies are the crowns of where motion congealed, sleep

You can hold in your hands. As trees toss akimbo shadows through  
The glass of (t)his dream, words bloom fat expectant with  
Surprising juice on you. He can't remember what it's called.

1/24/00

### **LAYING PAVEMENT**

*for Eileen Marie*

Once there was a rock that thought

It was a flower. All day long, it practiced  
Glimmering on that dirt road, blooming and  
Shrivelling what it thought were luscious

Petals. In vain it sat still to attract  
The plunder of bees. When Spring came,

Under the influence of shadowed drives,

It heated itself with bitter sunshine, hoping  
That by this the glib powder would flutter  
Into a caressable breeze, and that

This would alert the other stones to their  
Beautiful condition.  
This is how the road to town got paved.

8/28/00

### **SCIENCE FICTION**

*for Michael Waldecki*

Another fine Keatsian morning  
Unravels in the industrial park.  
The petting zoo for plastic  
Injection machines has just opened,  
And lines form from around the block.  
Children play with themselves  
In the expensive powder, dreaming up

New parents, good-looking  
 Ones, ones like the ones on TV.  
 Eventually, they too will be  
 Nothing but screens. One little boy

Shrugs into a red cape, suddenly becomes  
 Notorious and feared, but dearly beloved for  
 His brute philanthropy. He'll rescue no-one  
 Unless it's easy. One little girl

Has slipped on an old man's suit, tight enough  
 To fit her, and imagines herself  
 A queen of serious empires, complete with  
 A cigar in her mouth to think with.  
 The little boy

Pushes her down, won't let her up.  
 John Keats' body is located somewhere  
 Beneath the smoldering slag; recovered,  
 Upgraded, it's set to watch by dimly concious

Managers as the little boy finds out the  
 Hard way just what he can take from this  
 Little girl. The plastic injection machines

Have been switched on, and they wake  
 By grinding the morning to extenuating dust.

8/29/00

### **WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DO THAT?**

And for those of us who didn't learn our  
 Lessons the first time around, there is this:

Lying in bed, darkened by betrayal the  
 Whole room's lit, finishing up the sleep  
 I forgot about when I sang to the crickets  
 About my torn heart. Medical conditions  
 Such as mine take time to measure;

"A torn heart can greatly reduce the effectiveness  
 Of daily circulation, so the papers don't  
 Make quite as much sense as they would had  
 The terrific beauty not blanched the patient cold.

Those seeking medication  
 In the devil's homely herb  
 Will find that a persistent cough awaits them;  
 Not much else. It helps to vent the room's  
 Music so that the tear-shaped goodbye  
 You muttered on my hot way out  
 The door can be better orchestrated, lastly  
 Digitized. Get your finger out of my soup."

Everyone's hands are stained.

8/27/00

### **SWAMP MYTH**

Sitting near the soil cup, part's  
 Scalp's peeling up, pushed

Toward lights' by seeds' tongue  
 Heir. Hair arrayed, nail-downed

Hammer acclimates to city-petered  
 Hallways eccentric, tied up mathe-  
 Matically in a tendril health  
 Of arduous earth. Cannot tense enough,

Puppet billows of venus trees aren't  
 Azure glozed in hardly mentioned; not  
 This, perhaps, but scotch-taped, certain  
 Weeds a shaved. Girl like a bowl of water washes

Watches from the creases in your tardiness,

Immobile or boned. As we finished stoning  
 The rushes, all broken and afloat,

The ripples remind one of a parent long  
 Dead, whose ashes they gave him in  
 A cup that keeps grown a green hair.

8/15/00

## OF A PIECE

I want to keep myself whole and "of a piece."  
Braque investigates the curvature of my self-

Loathing by incremental applications  
Of foxy glances. It's true they're carnivores,

Quite often scavengers, but we had such a lovely  
Time in their "gondola" the other night  
I can barely resist the invitation. As a boy,

He imagined the trees in pain, praying to heaven  
With scrabble-fleshy apt contorting limbs, for it  
To rain morphine down on their sweet need.

Sugar promotes tooth decay. It's a proven fact.

Also, at that most passionate of moments. when  
I'm dressed to the teeth in exotically linear

Melons, I like to be bitten.  
Hard.

8/29/00

## STRANDS OF THE PAST TENSE

You dream of e-mailing me this message:  
"Michele est mort." But I definitely don't

Hate anybody. Many apply, few are  
Selected, but this doesn't mean you shouldn't  
Try. The jagged line of trees bordering

On sky up there will eventually get frosted  
Tops, and then we'll be a few months in.

If we're not speaking, it's because  
I can't handle it right now, not  
Because of something you did.  
I apologize for any inconvenience.  
I didn't see the sign sing so much as

Hear the notes graduate colors. Different  
 Levels mean different things to different  
 Folks, much like my hurtful comments would just  
 Slide down anyone else's legs, like I put it there,

Like you went to wipe it off but thought better,  
 Thought, "Why this winding wind contracting new  
 Obituaries, it smells like I've been here!"  
 Before, things were happening in distantly

Past tense. I had to flick the roller-wheel

To light the bowl to smoke it. Mort  
 Hacks up half a lung every day when he wakes

Slathered in dew from a cold shoulder's growth.  
 When I say hurtful things, I mean them to mean

I've been hurt, traffic's faster, and  
 There's not a ride on the road in sight.

8/30/00

## **READY FOR CLASSES**

"We're confusing the end of August once again  
 With a blurred ledge that History fakes us out with  
 To better defend its illusory tangibility."

That said, it's time to be  
 Handsome and Charming. Songs  
 Are always about girls, and girls

Are usually about themselves, as seen  
 In a monogamous relationship near you.  
 In selected cities, strict dress codes will be enforced,

"You will be invited to dress as closely as comfortable  
 To the style of the person you sleep next to, to aid  
 In quick identification, controlling the flow

Into and out of our showers." We seem to feel much  
 Cleaner about our feelings, now that the  
 End of August has brought this structured traffic

Into our very bedroom(s), like the sadness  
 Of a condom freshly-spilled smothered by  
 Peppers of an emptying of all ashtrays, though

We seem to feel the game has cost too much.  
 We won prolifically in Vegas, but  
 Our luggage, prodigal as reptiles, snuck

Off somewhere East of Lansing, and  
 We won't get another chance for a while  
 To try on those souvenir shirts.

8/26/00

## **CLASSROOMS**

The people there still believe in magic.  
 A lightswitch is flipped, and then...  
 "If it ain't one thing, it's another."

8/28/00

## **FAITH**

Wake up and finish the bong of the night before.  
 Wake up with your throat raw after getting your  
 Ass kicked by a girl's inconstancy, yes, once  
 Again. Go back to sleep among the soft smoky motors,

Dream of all the exit signs you regularly disturb  
 From their perfectly ordinary fits of coughing, coffee  
 Already in the cup and soak your throat with that  
 Could be amazing speech. Are you asking

Too much of yourself in one area, not enough in  
 Others? Seems there could be a lot less bitterness;  
 Not everyone has to bite the almond in two for  
 That burst of arsenic gradually culminating in

A thousand tiny pieces of yourself, strained

At the margins. Who you tryina reach, Mister?  
 The phones were the first to give out, then  
 My legs, then we returned the gifts and kept

The whip, for the keenest eyes in all East  
 High. Let me try different grades. His mind  
 Bugs him all day long about his mother and  
 The talons and the shadows, which is a messiah

Stance, only leprosy branches like the most  
 Diffident of blossoms, quirked with veinwork  
 In lattice marble lighting it even seems to be  
 A man. Eventually, she will too: it will take

Only so much haunting of being someone's experiment as  
 So much more could be bargain for from the top of his head  
 Down to the soft curl ripening swollenly as her voice  
 Turns 'round lets him in from behind to batter and perhaps

Seek in her flesh what stars could never whisper.  
 See that man over there veiled in smoke upgrading  
 His larynx with the nectar of a pushing through?  
 It's time to buy condoms again: thought itself spliffs

Funkward dark 'n' lovely, my brilling hearse of sea  
 Hooves, a roof. You can consider that which is no  
 Emancipation from your congenital surroundings  
 Amusing at best, much like the lemonade stand you never

Ran (to) as a kid laced with hallucinogens takes a  
 While to screw in, pretending to be rusted at the edges.  
 Every time you tell me to act my age I wonder just what  
 That really must be, seeing how ecstasy always leaves you

A child at the galaxies' breasts, lapping sounds from  
 Around the tomb of pubes blending applaudingly with  
 The sacred promise of rain. Same's faith in the sky  
 Always just beyond the cast of groaning forth.

8/17-18/00

## **SWEAT ON MY GLASSES**

for Jon Cone

August closes closely around a slick of the skin  
 As you walk home from work, braiding street lights  
 Together until they haze against the gasping of your  
 Eyes. When all the women finally leave, and

Age shrugs into your body like it's been wearing it  
 For years, pills and bonghits shrill purple lapses  
 Into the time you spend in your room alone, writing

This down. It's unnatural for after midnight to  
 Leave you aching and steaming, throwing tender  
 Smoke from your pores. But it lulls you to lures with  
 These amorphous promises roaming restfully up and  
 Down your otherwise clear train of thought, like

A cow on the tracks in the flood of night  
 Dissolving into the distance between here and Toledo.

Some unexpected stops. Still, the driver knows your  
 Most intimate habits; he's already laid out  
 A euphemistic nudity on your bed, beautiful and

Brute; he's even stolen cloth to wipe your eyes.

9/1/00

### **CATCH A FALLING STAR AND PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET**

In a little compartment by the side of your bed  
 Hidden well by turbulent sheets and vacant aroma  
 Is a pocket of air you call Your Breath, and worship  
 Religiously, with no small sense of regularity.

Some men don't even know it's there. You, though,  
 Warrior with your emotions, discovered it long ago  
 While still a child, punctured in a huddle with  
 Blankies you listened as it slept in the most awful

And complicated piece of your bed, and knew it was  
 Someone close to you. It's at times like this you  
 Hear your father die over and over again, each

Fist in your heart clenching with memory.



9/3/00

## SUNFUCKER

Let's try to look at this rationally, shall we?  
 A blindspot inhabits the quatrains with comfort,  
 More wet bed than the average bear can snake.  
 The voices in the other room skyrocket, grounded;

They refer to things, or maybe things refer  
 To them. I'm not quite sure, can't  
 Remember it exactly; everyone was talking at once,  
 And one coy girl in black whose eyes I'd had

On and off for days was pulling colored scarves  
 From her pores, which I could notwithstanding  
 Hear,  
 Notwithstanding. Like going to a class

You haven't studied for builds character, so, you,  
 Majestic and indefatigable in your own  
 Quiet way, can no longer visualize content  
 Strictly on the basis of where it's at you'd like to

Ball. He's developed the saving grace of not looking back.  
 Once I separate intention from act, or courage, the  
 Theaters unionize without the proper permit. I  
 Don't want to talk about it right now. There's a good

Chance we'll end up winding back and forth over zephyrs  
 Thorned, sideways and vertical, mastering our abbatoir  
 At the same time he pulls that days-old knot of cash  
 From his wallet and throws it before the clerk, trembling

At the hole in the scenery the word "clerk" leaves.  
 Luckily, in this case the clerk is our old friend  
 Cacaphony, which means "Dirty Sound" in most romance  
 Languages. The Marquis concurs. In fact, the Viscomte

Has drawn up a contract in which both parties, if  
 Pliable, would be granted sovereign rights to rubber  
 Lovin', as well as water fountain privileges. Because  
 Sometimes I'm just done and wiping my chin and walkin'

Down the hall and something lucious in a wide-leg  
 Bounces by, and I'm floored, dude, really. Eileen  
 Had these drawstring pants...but we won't get into  
 That. Just remember, putting new arms and legs on

Your dolls after a while becomes disheartening, Re-  
 Moving that precious cargo just to the left of your  
 Chest proves useful in the harder sciences; is  
 There any room in Mathematics for romance? I once had

A girl who said she had me. The pimple  
 Is also shaped  
 Like a nipple. Early on today I finally figured  
 Out that I want to

Fuck  
 The  
 Sun, which would make me  
 A sunfucker. Thank you.

9/6/00

## **PRACTICING RESTAURANT**

We were going to record the crickets at dawn  
 Rilling into crepescule  
 And you were going to sing a seed-pop  
 Three-chord  
 Voice-track for me to pillow with  
 Keys,  
 Each one unlocking the rush of the lavalamp  
 Warming up.

Instead we went to dinner. It was after midnight.  
 Instead we went to dinner. Not much was open.

Walking across the parking lot was the same parking lot  
 We'd always walked across, but things are different now.  
 She's finally started to be nice to me, and everyone  
 Remembers my name there. I know you.  
 We worked the barter out to where

An eighth of weed would get us five  
 Oxytabs, and at least

Two of those can get you  
Morphine. He has the death of his  
Father's privately stashed. I pivot

In the pilot's chair and am always amazed  
That such life lurks around me.  
Computer programs are little men in machines

Acting for us from scripts we've just enabled--  
Skirts serious mental issues. The whole first volume  
In the palm of your hand. The rest of you,  
Adding up architecture until I'm happy with my new  
Erotic support group. You must nonetheless forget about  
Craft. Survey says, "The round shoulders of ink cries

Persist in fleshy cauls." It's practicing.

9/11/00

### **GOOD MORNING!!!**

Light flutters through blinds  
The house in its dips of shade  
Wide awake like owls

9/13/00

### **WHEN I WEAR MAKEUP**

I am sitting on my knees taking a bath in your eyes.  
You can't know what power this gives me. The dams,

Distended brick, ballooning with all I hold back;  
Quiet boys who keep mostly to themselves

Are building hydrogen bombs in their bedrooms.  
I download the upgrade like a mushroom's sooty

Bulb: lighting nothing, eating light. Waves sin  
Down my chin in drips of sine and sawtooth station

Celebrates its own nihilist Christmas party, hats

And noisemakers, the sound of one grain of confetti

Cooked in a spoon and pushed below the skin, sick  
Itself on me, makes me nod during intermission, just

As your story was starting to get good. I'm on  
My knees lapping the honey they covered over Joseph

Beuys' eyes, stroking the bunny in the store mumbling  
Pictures, picturing the storm and its hot fascination

With me creased and naked, pushed to ridges thinking  
Vagina flush with benzedrine. Never to venture to

Tonguing the salt of birth off of your eyes: John Cage  
Maiming hatred in a gorgeously florid hug on the world.

I am capable of pacifying your every intention, if,  
Null and soft, barely amplified, you tend toward

The artificial. I am soldering hymns to the muse  
To the heels of my feet, who is too profound

To touch without a parry; to scar without night sky  
Somewhere else right now; that belle that drags my foots.

9/14/00

### **SOME ROMANTIC PRESSURE**

All Women are Grinding my spine to null squints..  
No Sunshine Sanctities are Parsing the dictation  
To furthered naps.  
Some Acid is Gracelessly forthcoming.  
Some Windows are not For thorough seeing.

All Clouds are shaped like my  
Unseasonable jacket, flapping  
With flesh wounds ahurl and athwart.  
No Assembly is Optional.  
Some Breasts are Burning through  
Their shirts and winking at me.  
Some Bronze thighs are not Likely to  
Think me through.

All Stars are Romantic pressure.  
 No Points are Given for  
 Early expiration.  
 Some Women are Grinding my skull  
 To a nozzled font.  
 Some Sunshine is not Particularly hungry.

All Cars are of the class of objects  
 Containing an ex-lover and her new-found  
 Friend.  
 No Bitterness is A good defense.  
 Some Sleepers are Touching the thunderheads  
 To their hot bronze breasts.  
 Some Mothers are not Following milk.

All Ego is Corrupt.  
 No-one but me can participate.  
 Some Women are Mothering new weather from  
 An improperly-scanned phernome hint.  
 Some Chemicals are not Blending with  
 The walls enough for you to worry.

All Healing takes place in Absolute Silence,  
 Finishing your weight with a stripe  
 Of property-ownership.  
 No Women are Finding your body  
 Flowing through their skin  
 As the day constricts.  
 Some of You are Here.  
 Some of You are not Waiting to get there.

9/18/00

## **PLANKTON**

Lavalamp is  
 Clean Round Flow is  
 Broken into yellow  
 Planets as soft as  
 Her kissing my arms before  
 I'm finally nailed down.

These Soft Bodies  
 Touching each other in  
 Passing fall apart as  
 They flow up or down  
 In passing touching  
 Each other up or down are  
 Always falling together when  
 The light's switched off.

That smaller globe will  
 Dance suspended in  
 Suspicious Waters  
 Clean and Round will  
 Not need the shadows of  
 Larger worlds gathering her  
 Geometry to  
 One Dark Point.

Like her kissing my  
 Arms my muscles to make me  
 Stand like a man in  
 Suspicious Waters a  
 Larger World bleeding itself in  
 Reticent tendrils to  
 Scoop any feeling it can from  
 The Sea.

These Waves  
 Work their ways  
 On me as I Clean and  
 Round Up and  
 Down prowl the waters  
 For The Only  
 Food I  
 Know

9/19/00

## **LOVE**

The circle of the last of milk in an empty glass  
 Puckers up to the smoothness of a lateral moon.  
 My lips, my throat, my belly  
 Took it; gorgeous heads of  
 Poisonous flowers. The quarter hour beads with

A dew so rich it weighs down the air,

And I breathe in an empty room but for music  
Swinging its sweetly goldenhaired way across  
The windows. When was the age  
Of wonder, how did I miss it?  
The source of my superhuman powers resides in  
A code for sleep with its eyes

Wide open, staring you down. I don't mind  
The way an empty glass of milk wraps the room  
Around itself, as if in copies  
It could keep itself warm. As  
Crazy as it sounds, I'm in love with the world:  
It never returned my call.

9/19/00

### **SO...WHAT SORTS OF BOOKS DO YOUR BREASTS LIKE TO READ?**

I'm getting bored sitting around with you  
Talking about my dick. The hills are alive

With the sound of music sitting around  
Talking about my dick. Though the night

Slips cold-crowded hands beneath my shirt,  
It still sits around talking about my dick.

The leaves corrode with this new dip in  
Plaintive temperature, in deathless homage

To my dick. I wish my dick could take  
My German test for me! IT wouldn't subside,

Could never practice coyness by calling itself  
"Der Schwanz." My dick has read Nietzsche

And Schopenhauer, Foucault  
And Derrida. When my dick

Sits around talking about itself,  
It uses my pronoun, "I." I'm feeling

Stifled sitting here with you talking  
About my dick. Haven't you read the papers?

9/20/00

### **THE TRYING TO GET OUT OF BED SONG**

Beautiful days rain over the abandoned  
Flats, introducing bas-relief  
Into the flathead tribes who thrive there.  
Beautiful days have me thinking I'm beautiful,

Just because I stared down the one that  
Everyone wants. Today I am not  
Embarrassed that I don't know the answer;  
In fact, I want to shout in the streets,  
Raging, foaming, sputtering, "I do NOT have

The answer." Beautiful days are steadily  
Running out of weed, with  
A hook-up on the way. There's goldgirl  
Ashley mouthing conjugations auf Deutsch.  
To a testtube room where televisions play.

My people are amazed. They know their place.  
Beautiful days, for all beings tremble in fear.

9/20/00

### **BEGGING THESE SMALL ANGELS TO LICK MY BODY AWAY**

When silence drips through the doorways  
Insistently, like a virus bleaching all  
It touches with someone's insanity of  
Stains, and the houses you used to sit in  
Have caved-in around you, pushing vacantly  
At your flesh just pricked clean by the rain,

Shut up. Don't chew with your mouth full.



Sit up straight. You're flying in lanes where

Your life has dwindled to this, to this:  
 Saturday night in a pair of cut-off shorts,  
 Lava lamp interjecting, transgressing,

Beads of pouty nothing. You feel full-face  
 First in the tufteds of the goddess, the  
 Rain was just a sacramental orb to endure your  
 Gradual becoming, like Dad's; strained deaths  
 Are hard to finish off here, what with the  
 Tables burning and the fingers cross and  
 Your mother praying for it to snow in all  
 The more beautiful places we see on the  
 Television; and I don't smoke it, she's  
 Probably at Judy's and what does it

Matter, you'll sit here anyway, passing your  
 Corkscrew from one hand to the other, planning out  
 Ways to gently suicide from all the vagrant life around you.

It's hard on the streets of Kent. You're either  
 Fucked-up or you're fucking, not finding widely  
 Used words to haunt the mural you're making, and  
 Listening fluently for frequencies where moon-  
 Rusted loons noodle on your downward trend.  
 Sometimes you punch the cards.

Sometimes they punch you. That's how it got to be  
 That your past fizzled out in reheasal. We

Tried to make it work, but  
 You were busy making eyes at  
 Brian, because he's blind you know.  
 Wes sends his best wishes.  
 Leslie wires the office even during lunch.  
 I have a feeling this suite is bugged, though,  
 From the looks of things, wax melts in here  
 At even the same temperature as it does in the  
 Morning here, which convinces me maybe invisibility

Is the best you can hope for. While you're waiting,  
 You decide that freckles bomb a mysterious loan.

In other words, blemishes meld with dirt.  
 This is questionable practice. What harmony

Is absolutely unhealable, baby? The dry

Running grid of ground that guitars are, as  
 They wind through your vertebrae, thinking  
 They will never catch up with you, so that  
 The leaves at the very margins wither, and  
 Yon what she wanted was the collapse of  
 Space between our bodies as she explained  
 Egypt to us, those Jew eyes not brown or blue  
 But clouding up with empty blessings, the  
 Clench of fleshed hot hunger walking  
 Extravagently through your veins, they  
 Only kill their mothers, biting  
 The pits from their breasts confusing  
 Brokenness for a celestial gasp.  
 I almost do not smoke it, roughly.  
 "I'm so completely unhealable, baby," she  
 Says, ruffling her throat. The goddess grants  
 A white sear, a shear of motion in towns  
 Of pendulous decay; you only kill your  
 Lovers with a hot tongue enjambed

On the window as you close it to  
 The howl of cold clutching something  
 In its mouth like a body a gift.

These things are not easy for any of us.  
 Wes hasn't left the house for days; his

Shadow wanes on the carpet at his father's feet.  
 You don't seem to care, or you didn't hear.

9/24/00

## HITS

It feels like egg and fist in my head.  
 Traffic, however, whispers like sentient waves.  
 I stand on a bank with arms outstretched,  
 Coins dotted with eyes fluttering from my

Pits. Hair's terms are the body's nebulous grooves,  
 How cars fit in smolder once the crosshairs are  
 Launched through my belly. Throughout. And you

So lovely my hands burn away. The photographers.  
 Each of us has his own record. Music  
 Can't be controlled by emotions, even though  
 Both of us are moving through the stairwells

Blinded by copper winds, burnished to the quick,  
 And I'll erase you slowly, play death  
 At that threshold where stars were placed to maim.

The solution is hits. Lots of hits.  
 Slimming down of glassy bags, maybe.  
 The traffic rises and the traffic quells.  
 In between you're burning me up.

9/24/00

## **VIRUS LOGIC**

*translated from the French by Lewis LaCook*

Virus logic isn't hard to understand. You breeze into the host  
 and take up residence. The stars weave themselves into the tissue  
 of clouds, wearing down the darkness with their tiny sharp  
 lights. I can almost see her getting into her car to leave. I'm  
 wearing a long white shirt and blue grid pants. You cannot see  
 this. A virus will spin through its host sugars that hiss with  
 electricity, wearing down a long white shirt with tiny sharp  
 lights. They're like teeth up there, trailing over the back of  
 her neck. You cannot see this.

"You're so much healthier than you were  
 Last month," she says. "There's a new  
 Calm about you." "I don't get too  
 Worried about being abandoned." Sure,

Virus logic's confusing as hell. You rise from the host, your  
 knees scuffed and your mouth tasting of cinder. The darkness  
 wraps itself around the stars; I can definitely see her getting  
 into her car to leave. The night wind trickles over my bare  
 chest, lighting little fires in my skin. I'll let you watch. The  
 virus will shrivel when the body finds it, like a cool hand of  
 wind on a bare chest in flames. It's like rubber, that matter  
 (space), they say, like nudging into empty sheets after smoking  
 too much. Maybe I'll let you watch.

9/25/00

note--VIRUS LOGIC is one of a long series of poems written by the late nineteenth century French poet Ferdinand de Pissoir as exercises in an experimental form he called the "Abattoir." An "Abattoir" is based loosely on the Japanese haibun; it consists of two prose passages sandwiching a rhymed quatrain. The rhyme scheme for the quatrain is ABBA, and it marks the transition from the first prose paragraph to the second by zooming in on a bit of human activity that focuses the "theme" of the poem. The second prose paragraph mirrors the first sentence-by-sentence, striving either to convey the opposite sense of its precursor or to improvise on it. Ferdinand de Pissoir died in 1893, when Stephane Mallarme stepped on him on his way to the bathroom.

He was, despite popular conception, not the original author of "Dancing Queen."

## **THE SUBJECT SHOWS SYMPTOMS OF SEVERE CAFFEINE ADDICTION**

Sullen weather. Walk to the mailbox.  
 Heavy particles filtered by water,  
 Running out. My ear hurts. Bursting.  
 Sound is another room. He amuses  
 Himself with wavefiles. Sultry  
 Leather. Are you only  
 Trying to win her  
 Affections? This is not a game  
 Show. Our host. Greasy. Our  
 Host. Lady of the hazelnut  
 Eyes. When can I have your  
 Forgiveness? He amuses himself  
 In the other room. File  
 "Landscape-dot-exe" cannot be  
 Found. I laid it on  
 The desktop, where the  
 Bitter cup of coffee beans.  
 Does my head hurt! Solvent.

Tether.

9/25/00

## THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HUMAN EMOTION *from LIGHT*

*"You were wild,  
Where are you now?"  
--Tori Amos*

My eyes were making strange things from light. One was The Encyclopedia of Human Emotion, which is open to chapter 666, "You Are An Age's Agent," a primer on the feeding habits of aristocrats and models. Its pages are bruised with heavy words like "Love," like "Watching You Sleep is an Ecstasy in Stillness, Days," like "Armed to the width of teeth, we climbed the velvet slopes." You've published here before.

This summer we wait for Tom's memoirs, that shoot to you a particular schooling you've never showed up for but can accept with applause.

In the meantime, the information's in bloom. Regimental sedation's established parameters don't employ Soviet Realism as a contraction of South Vietnam. Jettails crisscross crucifixion notices in a sky's coat. Like fleas, we're frozen on Helen's urns, the water within fitful with holes. I'm so restlessly asleep I can barely feel the hours.

I woke up at noon and even ate steak for breakfast, even smelled the deadend with no outlet as meat engaged in leprosy rosy, hailing Mary who dances the last member of the sequence as a triangle, and gutters out.

A fresh green crush.

These days you've learned to shut the door roll on the floor.

A frayed mean stub.

Prose is not a lyric form. Rimbaud's name smears over all the stars in the shower, safeguarding what retarded eyes to mouth the orient's pearls. Nubbins of flaccid teeth armed so wide they butter the jambs. I know how to brush. I don't know how to trust you yet, but I think it has something to do with smoothing my insides out into opened air. What falls could fit sleep like a sighful rondelay, where gravelly bordeaux fester, and narrative's entrapment develops enter and exit signs.

Now, cautious, I initial the splintering traffic.

Now we'll trip over dimming milk.

Start with convincing yourself that the presence of others is not invasive. Nine out of ten curds of mercury. When I bury backwards in you what's covered me all my years means a child with a fever suddenly and for no ulterior motive must be cut from me spreadeagled, or not. These scars of acne scrawled on his back chapter 80808, "I don't like you getting high before Work."

In the sun, reading a book that thinks like television.

Eileen hovers sardonic-mouthed around the crowd of us perched in our black shirts emblazoned with school and trades with me these serious questions tucked in looks, a sly of tongue out the side. Tiffany's mother is out of control smoking weed; Sarah argues it with her. The sun's like driving nails through our thoughts, endlessly separating by filling in with cold hard sparks.

I could fit you in my hands, carry you anywhere the planets grow jagged with scowls. We could have dinner there, starfruit, the flesh of animals that never lived, and we'll let trickle from our working chins what will. We'll wear warm clothes we can see through and that will talk to us on the days we can't be together.

Deliberating over cruelty, I hovered between the crowds stiffening into peerless objectivity and letterwriting with digital embrochure, my fingers a throat for the storms that scar mercury's new body. What fevers can open these hands, when features stripped of integers retract themselves so swollenly upon the gullet? Ultimately, you do no more than track movement, and without much continuity at that. A virus dozing in my crotch wakes up.

It eats you from the inside out, leaving you a fleshy sack for variations of light to palpitate redundantly. Your call comes while I'm still not awake yet, and as I eat my breakfast I grit my teeth over those who infected me, who have receded beyond an immediacy from my rage. She reminds me of a high school boy, throwing the finger at you and speeding down the street fast as possible.

Now my eyes braid strange threads out of a room only newly slivered, and now aristocrats and models dump acidrain over the heads of all the towns of the East Coast, the truth condition of which is unverifiable due to inclement weather and the heresy Ahmet asks for. Back then both of my arms were the same length, and I could sing through my pores about roses with musk.

Though words are beneath readings more humane, they throng in my skull like clouds of nettles.

Bob.

My tongues coated in its sugar.

I will probably forever be dancing in this garden that gouges my skin.

Doubtless, my legs ache. Stray seeds decibel coughs dropped lemon reminders to the internet mattress, your body folded into mine and carried away yes carried away to the place all our fables come from. Must be Iowa, or at least Sandusky. Flipping the lighterwheel erupts glimpses of Jeanie's ankles that make me

think about the private hours humans under constant observation must evade, as if awareness of muscles beneath skin spoils with vinegar burning and frozen warts chipped from past lives dunked in dry ice. Smoking seems to deplete deprivation's are like fuel Gerry says. He has the same name my father did. All I can say is that the seed that is not betrayed, that has lodged into the bowl where just weeks went by and you scraped to copper threads with an exacting of knife, must be removed with the margins of my thumb so not everything I do tastes like the ass of the cosmos blowing foam down the rollers to bungee itself to Cleveland.

And my back maybe too...

So I almost stopped believing in Ryan's purple monsters; only quarts of them are chipped fincky like stone. I think Brian's going to go away during his two-week duty. Ganja smell sprawls across the room, making dogs bark echoes into wooden moons, just about full.

You don't know what I eat, or how I breathe. "You're purring blond optics through the ligaments of summers that dash themselves amidst sentient hills." Imagine idling as Glenn hits her, the vicious crown of this fucked exhalation.

That's one of the reasons I went back. Another's invasion the most sinister thrill.

After that it gets weighed down in philosophy. That dark corner of all American Rock in the 1950s, the switchblade hinge. Such that sex sank through our pores at your touch.

My waking is paradoxical in that, as daily consciousness trickles back to me, it nudges the edges of my lips up to smile, wider and wider, but if I have to speak or do anything I get bitchy.

She chooses to lay in the sun in her brown swimsuit, to swim the balcony through its rays all the way across to health. Do Not Disturb.

She's got a book up there, The Encyclopedia Of Human Adventure, opened to chapter 2112, "Watch me get sick of all these sluggish people."

A stray huskie blend smiles on our doorstep; with a belt looped into its color you take it house to house to find its family. Wind in the trees is also the sound of waves pushing to the shore, and despite all this sunshine and gregarity you can be

sure I'm under water, slurring my neighborhood as Brian too flips on his machine to write. We're not trying to capture anything here, only whistle back at the winds that torment us, rend them screamingly with our smiles.

I think that dog lives next door.

Andrew, on the contrary, must walk into reams of attention without abating for other egos, especially in song. He uses two chords, maybe three, and Lora brings him over with her fishbowl lips. Andrew's songs are foul to make us laugh, but he insists that he's a sap nonetheless, and addicted to tender xanax. Black dress slacks and bulky black shoes, double-stitched.

"We're talking about the Happy Mondays," he tells her. "If I ever get that album again I'll have to let you hear it." As far as I go, I've got synthesized notes faster and more accurate than anyone here, so I must be a virtuoso, like Gerry thinks so. I pick my way carefully through the knots of trance that the television peppers Dana's laughter with.

"You should just let them live in their cartoon, still tied down to the world instead of patched in, because you know the rhythm of scarification you bear is different for each and every one of us, and one can watch the shadows wither on the walls while Jarred claims expertise over everything." Why does everyone have to be so self-effacing with you? Where is the glory in being right all the time? "A full room lights in long strands passages of milk looping through the trees. Over and over, the word 'fire' is invented to cover a hole in the blue night we didn't shiver but instead floated through Steve's outdoor altar, altered to the histories whittled like Tlingit masks that pacify the history of painting as shown to Bob Wood. I wish I could see it." You want, above all, to live in your conception of the world, chinese-eyed without the difficulty Sheila sees in an important machine for work.

When I light the lighter flame shivers from it like an excrement of data oozed out the head of a pin while I dance in this garden that clings to me, refracting all that happens to shine near me into odd carvings that years later will only ripple without an impact.

In fact, we called someone about the dog. A longhair shoulderlengthed from Ravenna clear out to Kent with tattoos on his upper arms, his son just losing the fat of comic books but then saw the eyes, one crystalblue one poolingblack, and had to admit that this one just wasn't the one they were looking for. He needed heartworm medication.

"Everything has finally become so loose without suffering."

A ninety-four-year-old woman talks about a fiveyear coma in what must be the increasing loudness of old age, which I imagined



to be in that enclosed porch the same sound stuck in the ultimate curls of a seashell, the drone of the ocean as it drags over the roof of our room: trails of milk. Limped across an arrow heart of winnowed bark until I came to the shore, throwing off and groping back again its water blanket. Tawny and pedicured cider decides to hallucinate all over your shoes.

That's what it means to be nudged in the middle of the night by a dog with no eyes.

Which is why I went back.

"The moon there is the screen nailed between askew rust/smear crosses."

There are certain threads of smell meant to go unfollowed when you're waking to the heat of mid-July. Dana has her own halo that puts you to sleep. First a fit of my mother's sneezing means either the early cigarettes have lodged in my breath or that it's time to dust, eyes watering. "I must be allergic to waking up." You must be allergic to good hard work, on the World Wide Web. I suddenly realize, standing before the sliding doors to the balcony rattle open to a sun-and-air-stuffed lack of walls (like floating, it denies the ground in favor of rooted more subtle) that I now possess a specialized body of knowledge, which I'll undress for you like any metropolitan whore with a habit to feed. It would seem we've passed through the straits of childhood more or less safely, with a few dead and many simply estranged, but more or less intact, and master of your domain. If Dana wants her pills, or her chips, while she's fighting for good in the universe on the small screen completely colored in, I dash upstairs to get them for her.

I grumble at first because I'm frightened of what I've become, and realize what this hinge in my guts means to the others who have gathered 'round.

Feeling good is not always so artificial, nor so reasoned. I hope. The methods I've accrued for winding through a bag of marijuana are simple and prudent: shake first, tiny loose buds, then gradually bigger and bigger chunks, until the last of the stash is always the largest piece there is. Tom's memoir is signed and I love him for it, I've found a brother there; housepainter cocksman now ripened and gazing over a low valley of deserted verbiage, with which we've assembled the myth of our living in. Joe Dunnigan's "Sexplosion," nonetheless.

The time has come to sit as far back in the theater as possible and make blanket statements about the age. "Drinking Steve's wine and talking about the virtual wrap-around, in which we'll make new worlds to alternate with our own, but no-one catches my comment on a new physics, or a new cosmology, because the idea that this digital production will not reproduce reality

is absurd to them." Or simply unrecognized. The trend is to be offensive because vulgar humor slits a slice in our psyche to bleed the pressure into shooting steam. It's a little like trepanation for the soul. A small incision in the blooming dark, the moon's dewed glide across the head of my cock.

I'm swimming in so much, all the time, wading through world that clings to my limbs and slicks my vision glossy and halfway laughing, sinking through the infrastructure of gammarays all my feverish children cough up to clog the maze, these blundering teeth of the dead that go numb under course of living vein. When I close the door there is a private music going on, as if alone each previous day's melody can be mapped out and tried again, pushed further toward virtuosity until there is no wall between song and living, except it's fevered and blanching and ivoryknuckled in its seat. I'm seared by the heart of it by the shape of other bodies in the dark fumbling under the blanket for these small blissful deaths of babyteeth.

Hers hooked around her lower jaw, almost like vampire teeth, they're very long and send a silent cacaphony to venus, regressing from longing to hull.

The outer layer eventually flakes off, but that's nothing to worry about: your body has been busy building new crusts so quickly that you don't even have the time to notice your replacement supplementing you so slowly from the inside out it's like the breath of codeine sighing your skin apart. "I want to talk about baseball now," she says; the moon trills around her silhouette. The waves have been known to drag children under, that there is this distant familiarity to brown eyes that makes them statuesque. Her hips call you beneath the stones of the balcony floating on nothing; no strings to prick your phases of gardening for dances out into plain sight, so that this coolness in the background lingers much sooner than expected, but weaker, lighting rod instead of the void.

What to do, what to do.

Well, first of all, it's not like every contortion you make against a blue screen need hollow its niche in black matter. One sentence at a time will fuzz with the most reasonable expectations deliberate starvation can tackle; the fish in the breeze that settle on the hills exploding into angry flowers may be some sort of spore for robes and such. Sunday night I inched out these little bridges to your body, washing off in the moon what I've cleared for hungering kiss. Integers are given values by varying the scale; combs bleach hatheads into the sidewalks for swaying weeds to bow down to, their over-serious hinge enacted like a eucharist of phlox.

But if you DON'T floss, your teeth will smear. Everyone gets

mail at some point in their lives, and sometimes books float through, like the time I threw you out of my bed reading The Encyclopedia of Human Emotion, Chapter 1786, "I Get Vicious Drills." Well, everyone gets mad at some point in their lives. And if Marxism's just another Christianity, but material, but historical, once removed you should martyr the ignorance by being quietly efficient. Or not. If chaos could revolve in a chortle lazied out, how many crystals must I swallow to make you love me? I can't.

You MAY be evasive. Somewhat. If you carry a black vinyl backpack into the CD & Record Exchange, they will want to hold it for you, not because of envy. Feel this defective item sewn into the lining? It's repackaged, remastered, remixed.

Are you as afraid of your body as I am, Eileen Marie?

INDICATIONS: "For the temporary relief of minor aches, pains, headache, and nasal congestion associated with sinusitis, hay fever or other upper respiratory allergies; promotes nasal and/or sinus drainage."

Yes, I've talked to girls in moonlight before. Last year, late spring, when Dana was living with and had just broken up with Patrick, we held each other as the sun rose over the sleeping houses of those we didn't know; and now this balcony floating on the Student Center is sweeter. In Kory's car in the gravel drive in front of the house on South Lincoln, I watched her hair recede into these gorgeous obsidian slopes. Connie on a ghetto wall in Lorain. Mary in the parkinglot of the Classic Cafe, a month after the reading. Kathy Dean, Kathy Dean, Kathy Dean.

Whom I'll never find again.

These are some places I can't get to from this selfish day I've called off work and linger between the seams of this empty house on the cusp of waiting for dusk to blossom in the sky. You could be evasive, like children moaning under fevered dreams. If my skin burns to the touch it's because I'm made of stars, of little engines hurridly finishing themselves in the crush of pages piling up. When they collide, both cars attempt to weave into each other, as if in the scraping and melding of buckling metal the expiration date on the albums you used to love when you were a teen-ager will mean less than it does ten years later in

a selfless room. Full.

"I love you for who you are," you say, but you've been sleeping through me and have almost missed your appointment.

While a gong deep in medulla pounds out powders on my skull.

I wonder what's so enjoyable about being electrocuted.

A little lost among the cars, blue, blue, the clouds going down in folds and little lit holes through which we've threaded these gradations, fields cleared of thorns means this land of shiny cars and blue, blue loss among rush traffic hiphopped up on the vapors of the last weed scare. Money jumbles in the head when you walk out of a store in front of a slender doe of blond legs, her boyfriend headed for better things than these fingers pounding out powders on deepening keys. You buy scent and food and drink and no gel; all of this movement and all of this light and I'll smell beautiful when my clothes sour again: Brian's porn from the eighties and its fluffchick fellatio. I can sometimes dream that the world is a woman whose moods sweep away blue floaters and tore this seethru hole into my brain.

Lesions insist your eyes sink a strange thing through your face curdled ontic. Icecubes, more icecubes, my friend. I am making a tape telling a story writing down songtitles from my head. This is easy. This makes you bleed.

"Joints get you stoneder," Mike used to say.

The RizlaBlue paper sticks in spitup strips to the black vinyl apron of Jarred's rolling machine. He won't go to class if his car breaks down, a forty-minute walk to campus is too much to stride bowlegged, walking like a toddler with a cough in its lungs. Does this world wear him down, the way I'm so smooth after walking home through the dusk I don't need any music to get me off? Too much pressure could knock the cherry off, and then the boys will smell her swirling up the whole room to use. I don't think so. Too much pleasure could shrivel your winkie if it must. I, meanwhile, am a proud flow through back streets purring with bugs and growth.

If you were a woman and a woman were a landscape I would never cut your grass I would let you flood the night with fits of your development. And if I were a man or what they mean to be one I would sing through the walls the titles of your books, sculpting with each vowel the symmetry of your resonance.

This is how I too am fertile.

Greased the breakfast pan with the confined luminescence of a rainday up earlier than most. Jarred, of course, fearing he might miss one second of entertainment he doesn't have to suffer for, wakes a little later and assumes his tomb behind the video screen: thick in head and body, American to the core. It's only worth doing if it's easy, as long as it doesn't make you bleed. I

make coffee for one and my gestures are as big as the kitchen, singing spitefully beneath my bones; steam shudders to a halt and the water's pushed through grounds again, making bitter wakefulness for the tongue to startle to.

Then two ginkgo capsules and a multivitamin. Grease breakfast and pill breakfast and smoke breakfast and coffee. Sneezes wrack me to remind me of my mother's daily contortions, shedding vapor to cloud a strained room.

You emerge from a water rosary with fog licking at your form.

Dana's rules protect her from exponential growth. Lilacs will not bloom through her lattice; certainly not those gorgeous runs of lawlessness that make beauty worthwhile. To be vulnerable for her is to lie amid the workings of the cosmos absolutely naked, not knowing which cause to link to which effect. A light will not automatically go on when you walk into the room. I dry off in streams of fattening drops; under the tongue a child's fevers are congruent to a eucharist of engagement, and more than half as bad. "There's this thing called life out there, Jarred; I know it's a long shot, but I want to try it. It's gotta be better than beating off into this machine." Indicates the cord from the television to his brain.

"It's better to burn out than to fade away."

Though Miles knew this, he kept his cool. Night streets glittering after predawn rains would yield, during the course of his day, to the frantic activity of smoke in a red plastic tube. It was almost twelve-thirty, just after noon, and the day sluggishly rolled on, the color of piss. He pushed another Newport out of his crumpled pack and lit it with a hard match. Clouds lit by stars and an errant moon looked like ripples of flesh on a mauve nude. "And what costume shall the poor girl wear, to all tomorrow's parties," he thought, listening to the rain piercing his smoke, weakening it, watching it struggle up into the air past rusted fire escapes of New York circa 1946. Later, the needle and Pink Floyd. Right now, birds that flicker like the dullness of flames pull thorns through his withered sockets, lolling in the tolls of the sea. This is how to negotiate the bedroom on fire, he thinks, smokerings like belts of moons wearing through his midnight lizardskin mouth. This is easy, see the blood on the trees...

The sun sets, the sun rises, there; the bulbous spinner of a frail spider's abdomen, titled to mesh the world up in her trappings.

So...back to the music of tooth decay. Sullen and wrathful and more than a little exploited, this positive labor value steps fresh from hot showers into a bathing of bird signals beading on

walls. Too many cigarettes flicked stiff-fingered from rage-wired knuckles can serve to warn casual conversers that here we have one on whom too much has been shovelled, who recognizes this and can only flinch wildly, shielding his face from his mother's blows. For a few seconds after she slapped me, the air hardened and no-one could move, slap echoing fullthroated on the bricks, until even two forty-ounces of Olde English 800 and a handful of speed pills couldn't make your twenty-first birthday more interesting than fucking on acid in your best friend's bedroom watching the television whose tube's gone wrong and can only project magentagreen threads sloping through each other, the lava lamp electrocuted elegiac. If the summer of 2000 could decide to be either hot or cold in Kent Ohio, I would appreciate being notified in advance, please. What crime did I commit yesterday, wanting to be alone wrapped in books? Did Francis Ponge not want me to gank the things of my world, their voices miming much of our prose? During certain passages you backed me into a corner; sadeyed you watched me brush my teeth wanting to know why I wouldn't speak to you. Being free must mean being alone.

I'm not listening.

I'm not listening.

I'm not listening.

He's only expressing simple joy over complex happenings. Lately fascinated by circuitry, I could stare at a motherboard for hours, reverent that energy passes through that to information. In chapter 10101, "Binary Feelings," we read, "I can't believe you'd do that to Gerry," not keeping in mind that your logic could be used against you in a court of law. Instead, I play a game on my sooty stoop by the food court doors, trying to get as many pretty girls to say hello as I can. Fred's son's teacher withholds vocabulary words, then gives him a spelling test, netting lawsuit and job-loss. Carla's changing fields, from pharmaceuticals to sales. Me and the minkie are doing fine. P.S.; send more pretty girls.

You say that all I am anymore is anger built in. That pain is relative, that we don't get along. You loved me but I never stopped being pissed off at the world long enough to really love you back.

But I push everyone away, everyone, until all that's left

for me is this dim rim with morning's oceans rippling through the windows, and this screen swallowing my thoughts to rip it up to put it back together again.

I carry no pictures of anyone; am reaching to be as anonymous as the day I was born. My name floats off its stem and greased plains of air as it glides slow away from me. In the end I'll be an object like any other object; another animal crouched over its necessary food.

I imagine the disgust I feel for my world is almost the same Rimbaud felt for his, with this difference: my ecstasies are solitary, shrinking from witnesses to the shape of blinding holes.

I'm not listening.

I'm not listening.

Wordsworth was different from all the other boys and girls. When the sun slithered between the slats of his blinds he withered away from its revelations, preferring instead to stay stoned on his presence, his separation from the rest of humanity. They would throng around him, trying to hear his voice buried beneath crepuscular fevers; pretty girls would faint to hear his vowels dropping like virus bombs on the rain-riddled pavement of their murkiest conceits. He considered himself a conduit for tenants sliding clipboards underneath his skin. You follow him as far as you can, to the lip of his rage at the ultimate separation...and then, flailing over the sides of his boat's heavy drinking, she dances in these complicated flowerbeds, where all the gorgeous petals lick meat from the bones of flies...

Frederic Jameson believes that his is an imaginary answer to real contradictions, the possible as synthesis of the real and dislocation, until tongues rubbed with static can possibly breed utopian children, pale and worn but gazing all out, eyes a substitute for the penis that rubbers pollen on the walls to protect her from their chattered crush, looming. The shuttle pulls back and even Wordsworth, the shuttle clatters forward and even Wordsworth and Rimbaud are kissing, the shuttle ebbs and even Wordsworth and Rimbaud are kissing robes over my eyes, messianic as my mother's secret thinking.

Deep down, all of us want her, but no-one can figure out how to approach her, so thoroughly embedded in herself she seems. My eyes rubbing her raw. When she walks she makes the earth moan to carry her, makes dirt whisper invitations to lie down and slather in the mud, raises clay lips around her to swallow her slickly into mix. I used to think that some girls had gravity, that around their curves a halo that gripped moistly at you would contract to draw you closer, until you were sucked deep within them, broken by their bellies crumbled to invent new walls. Every

year she has a new body, a new voice, though she's bathed and slept with it for years. Certain mechanical problems are insurmountable, like why are you getting high, do you know anyone in you that wants you, who wants your flesh to cover them like a fog when outside the rain stains curbs the color of moaning earth, of hot sleep never attained because she passes through your hair ruffled curt on the pillow, no longer a luxury of miles, simply a confluence of faces running into each other, mouths hooking this way and that to resemble those you've seen, even for a brief moment; Eileen unseen beneath layers of sunshine, opened up in a starved cubicle like stale office flowers, where can I drip my pollen on you that neither Glenn nor Dana will see, I'm not listening? I'm not listening. Sometimes everything we want is an animal's thudding of need.

So it is with warmth curdling beneath the tissue. Also, the slickness of perfumes exaggerates frigid mythologies; by eating your brain (your body), I have you within, and can become what you would have become. That there is no linger of your intentions in this tableau is finally nullified: "I'm...gonna try....for the kingdom.....if I can." If this is what it feels like to be a man, neither mineral nor minor, but smallishly incapable of mixing meals and edifice, that hinge we flung over to reach making her cold image love your touch, stealing a day to smoke yourself invisible, vibrantly curtailed in overfamiliarity with surrounding her, surrendering to her your inwardness for shaping, where in a hook she's replaced your innocence with a sickly sliver of clouds rotted out and weakly flowing, and her cold image within you is still her cold image, within. Really, the "priestess-whore" model was intricately planted in your purse to watch you part customs like a mongrel in a shrub, growling if admonishing hands clip too near to allow the full spectrum of exploration trading.

Really, the rain isn't listening either. That, and dreaming pollen up from the gullet.

Eileen flings her drink against the No Smoking placard on the back dock. Jack believes that masturbation leads to nosebleeds, so I wake up with my brain trying to crawl away from me, hot and dry and scratched up on the inside, and it's Sunday: lawnmowers in the neighborhood are swallowing whole chunks of turf, their blades slick with green gore. The problems close in on Dana; she wraps her bones in rolls of sheets in my bed, physical therapy, the shadow in her womb; trees turning their leaves inside-out at a graze of her breath.

My father's Harvard Classics freckled with cigarette ash, marijuana. "You know you're lovin' it," Eileen says, tough Cleveland girl solid as a steel mill. "You got two girls fightin'



over you." On the dock we smoke cigarettes toward the biggest sky this year, palaces of cream and cotton sculpting our reflections on each other's skin, until the chemistry's unbearable, we fidget with wanting to touch the other who fidgets with wanting to touch me. She smoothes her hazel hair against her face and her jeans against her leg; there is shape there that echoes on my flesh, pinching dreams. I wonder how much we have to hurt to dare to do this, and lose all thought in the pull of her tides on my limbs...

In the morning Jarred comes home from his weekend away (game), he almost climbs through the window before I have time to pull back the security latch, there's Petros smiling when I open the door: two big men hungry for game, sharp eyes at digital resolution rebelled in interactive features, Om, lightning in the void. Sure, I like being alive. As complicated as it is, it keeps me out of the real trouble, and the opposite must be Kyle, "smacked out" in his sleep drowned in tunnels, sad to think that he may have seen a light there somewhere, somewhere deep he'd have to swim through amnesia to reach. Weed may relieve your head.

You're dripping on the paper...

Strange serrations my eyes make opening a drawer long beneath me.

So I finally see. When I slide the glass over my eyes the lines become black in each brick in the library, bedding a dollop of pink. Flora writhes in elegant profusion where the University's placed them; Ponge says they communicate entirely by gesture, still contortions mouthing "pain," mouthing "love," mouthing all the rubs of vowels with Eileen in the dark of the Conference Suite balcony: bigger than Dana in my arms, she shows me a tree by the Alumni Center that arches these streams of bitter babyfaced leaves around us, until we're completely unseen, then hungrily carefully her body moves against mine, her softness yielding, her body opened and sucking the pink milk of citylight clouds that guide my hand up her worn workshirt over curves and valleys to the surprise and glory of her breasts straining against frills, earth dripping sky. She needs to stop. She needs to take me home with her. But here I am with Dana's manners under my breath...

Longing lies along the hills of summer nights, like mist it trickles into our pores and separates cells from cells from cells, until no-one's quite sure where the television is; how it's finally decided to break ourselves off into isolated packs that ravage the countryside, if I told you your eyelids were like the strange petals of an amazing flower that's what you'd want me to write, under the oceans and below the floes, no-one eats

without the glacier's permission, each one's journey terminal in a marketing kinda way: Oh Tom, why this? Not this. This. My mouth's whirlpool phonetics, the temperature of alabaster saturated with bleeding leaves crying out denials of needing loving, affirms being doing in perennial vacuums that snort the foliage up into reversed hurried pricks that snorkle "blow me" as I lick the statues of you in the park, while I break laws, mmmm, like I don't stop to piss on what's mine so everyone knows: explosion moans. Excommunicate the moon and tack Venus in its place. Her and Mars manufacture phials of fever in their basement partnership, bottle the sweat in their sheets. All our children are pale and wavering, superhuman at the very least.

Here you will find several diagrams of sunning breezed.

Weeds speaking to the gravel as the mailbox seeds and blips.

Jarred wearing water wrongly context. Rage on dirt that hollows winnows in perpetrated bends.

On one side a stong orange drink. On the other a Kirk Mangus cup. Coffee stirs this sugar into your tongue, which is almost dawn.

What do you do when you're in love and you're in love and all this long gone damage statics the pipes, all these thoughts at the impotent borders suddenly manifest in fleshy hugs of drumcircle barfing farther and farther from obsessively poking at it with your knife in your teeth, your mouth in your hands which slip over used maps in heat for you while you wash yourself of long-gone damage obsessing in snores? What do you do when you can't love because no-one's ever really been there to catch when you fell backwards and your head hit the street too many times down the hall? What will happen when the milk's gone again and the cuteness applies to you as you know we're all women in the womb? Where can you go after burning her body of its past of touches fanning out like glorious stains that storms left without ever indulging in the individuality of ions generating cancer in the forests of your skull on fire with tooth decay slowly ringing some leftist tits out the door to the curb on the better highs of forgotten how to speak for a moment and the ghosts of words in rings in smokerings when you're in love and maybe not and careening through closehand sketckes of thumbnail leaves serrated voraciously, daubed with a room? What could Eileen do to me that the sky can't accomplish in its sleep?

Nothing segues the language motors. Purring like big cats digitized with fingers clawing rain from the salt of leftover skin, they slough off into sentences that trickle down her legs like it wants licked in the ciliae.

No-one's sequel is loose this afternoon, eternally turning to fling crystal strings teeming razor-blind amid gorging dope omens. This is a halfhearted attempt to recapture it's youth. Sarah says I'm hot or something. With all the doors and windows closed, skinny kid in orange visor powerwashes front deck.

It doesn't finally become two o' clock. It grows there.

True the sack runs down slowly from smoking to stunning affect, and the artifacts in the blood are ash-powered to repair the ends of my limbs, those extremes that furrow all the sentence length that fits our quick showers.

I must be a slut.

Woo-hoo, Rudyard Kipling.

This is a good candidate for fornication next year perhaps, all your obfuscated ratings continuae like a job wheel that reminds you of how you look. I know what that means.

These stories only happen underwater, only to the palest and most frail of your children.

Spread through Eileen like coffe spreads through sugar? Last summer Dana fed me pills when I fell ill, watched me in bed heat her body cool to a white-speckled hush.

The moan of grief and tear-blurred howl: "I had to pick her up off the floor and deposit her in bed with me, hold her hot writhing angry and betrayed until she stilled enough to let us both sleep." The new weight and volume of planetary mammary crushed against your "broad" chest.

What does it mean to be in love with someone and to fear someone enough to hurt them?

"We are newly inducted into lighter rooms."

I'll almost let the velveteen butterfly in the door. These pages bunched in circuits means no mail for drumcircles of clear sky. The book will not eat enough for the people next door to move out so smoothly. Dopesmell pelucidly curling. Such showing that flesh is mystic, the honeycomb helix syrups from nectarines steeped. The bookmark file labelled "jah" will not log on to the system's intranet spring; you will not be so seriously trading fluids.

"I trained the water to stand up for me at work. It was attributed to impacted disjunction. My guns were fried." I'm afraid these hollow seconds aren't nearly ordinal enough in their context to scream.

Once in a while, a book comes along that grinds like a big girl grinds against the part of you breathing only flowers and

segmented range: "Look, I DO love you, okay? Look, we're only human animals, the beating of our blood means more than finally noticing the beauty of the setting of Eileen's eyes, how joy shivers through her and it's wonderful, not cheap and hurried like a fatal airstrip launching terminals against cursory retardation; look, we're the only ones here, and we have to fuck ourselves unholy to get this work done."

Not this, though, this is easy. Blood ripping her lips when I launch the phone into her braces, because I feel myself getting small and losing it, myself, feel myself getting small and slippery and sliding out of loss into stabbing her foot with Dad's ceremonial sword; did I lock Connie away for ten years while smoking clouds from a sack?

Was I ever really married the way they say so on the TV?

Theories about why my eyes won't focus: well, I was itching to get in here and do this and now this is doing me, great, what a whirl wilting of will coaxed from this brown opening of spit cautiously inflating, me, in other words a dowry of queen anne's lace is not quite enough to install latitude in the foremost pink. Are you here or are you sleeping?

What you have just heard was previously recorded using only the slimmest of chances we'll sleet in to see each other with attendants of the newly amorous standing by.

From **Scorpio**, November 2000

## I.

Now that I've got it all behind me, leading up to me, as if culmination was something anti-climatic after all, like watching a beautiful girl walk across certain pavement to you, only it's not you she wants, but the guy next to you, who's got it all over you anyway, so why not give up? Nah, too easy, you've got to throw in some jump-cuts, some collageshit like you used to, y'know? Like, right next to this "leading up to me," throw in something about the moon, how it's shrunk after this october's fullness, not raging anymore over the breakglass streets of Kent. I know. I go home alone after working on a Saturday night (I have wasted

my life) and smoke dope until three o'clock  
 in the morning, at which time I lean against  
 my pillows, drench them with rain.  
 Anything is better than listening to the answering  
 machine, which has never given ME a good answer,  
 I don't know about you. I'm always trying to  
 read my way out of your attention-span anyway,  
 so I figured why not raise the stakes a little,  
 right away the air has this drowning pall to it,  
 or swooning, in previous centuries; why yes,  
 Marjory, there IS something  
 of grape gone bad in god, once tasted (just  
 once) sets you spinning ever on, and  
 no, it does not mean that man should be alone.

10/15/00

## II.

Man, are you ALONE! Always  
 sneaking a smoke off by  
 yourself off by the  
 back-dock, just like your  
 predecessor, crazy and  
 alone. If Ray liked you,  
 he'd urge you along  
 to the back dock to  
 smoke with him, where  
 he'd reveal to you his  
 righteous scheme to  
 lawsuit the student center  
 out of existence. Everyone  
 knows he's crazy, except me.  
 We watch the fog seep  
 out of the rocks seemingly  
 at first in soft shoots, then  
 a quiver, then  
 the bow of the bend of the body itself,  
 spreading itself over the windshield  
 until Brian can't see. He thinks he's  
 taking aim right now, but really  
 what's happening is a girl quotes his own  
 poem to him, and he dissolves. Tyler-lee,

when will we wipe this glass of everything we  
 think we see, when seeing each other through  
 a sad loop of turning now is wrong, is  
 wrong? What more can I really say?  
 Skin is looking further than what the mouth  
 drops at all, and we carry it moment to next.

10/16/00

### III.

This flesh, it wears. Down and out. Old man,

your phrasing is too sparse, you need longer  
 sentences: try, "I'm wearing my flesh from one  
 moment to the next, wishing it was you," or  
 someone else. Try something different. Down  
 craves coffee up at two in the morning, alone,

Except now there are these two large men outside  
 my door tied to a TV by compulsive buttons. Leaves  
 corrode so blissfully as everything braces for  
 the coming sleep. Now that I can see, I take a  
 slower way to class, like Edwin's poem about  
 staying sane, driving or walking, nerves gnawed  
 through by blinking horns. "You're HOT!" a girl  
 bellows from a car dizzy by--and I frown, just  
 colored well in my fundamental clothes. Now you're  
 confusing everybody; Edwin asks, "The meaning?" as if  
 living came with its own index of appendices, and  
 I can distill that craven elixir from coffee at two  
 in the morning, out of thinning air. At the same time,

All talk of a coming "new nobility" is rash, premature;  
 coffee at two o'clock in the morning takes care of any  
 unnecessary spills by simply spoiling your clocks, old  
 man, we'd figured by this time you would have Fixed  
 The Poem. If talk were blood I would be hurt.  
 I would catch a hospital in my communicable wilderness,  
 bending over you (kneeling  
 closer to Ashley as she pulls  
 and drops her necklace down her  
 shirt), trading your breath for mine; smiling.

10/17/00

## **XII.**

If he skips his poem this evening, he'll  
hate himself into a mess, gnash at  
the cars hissing vapors to his brain,  
and definitely miss his appointment.  
If he skips his pill this evening,

the walls of the house will slither  
over him like the arms of a mother  
scolding with sudden thorns, and  
he will probably stagger in late  
for his appointment. If he stops

amid the curved trills of his  
amniotic smoke to stare  
blazes through you as you  
scan the periphery of his distance  
for signs of recognition,

he may not make the appointment at all.  
Instead, he'll gather the bent and dusty  
webs from his mouth, try, on an evening  
bleak of serenity, to coax dolls out of  
their allergic tangles, to play pretty  
for your eyes to hear you laugh.

Don't be fooled. He's not like the other boys.  
His hair sits weird on his head. Tonight,

He twists a doll that looks like his mother.  
He braids a doll that looks like the woman  
he needs. He ties a doll up that looks  
like a woman he wants, This is his

love. If he takes it regularly like a  
good little boy, he may show up  
in time for you to banish him.

10/26/00

#### XIV

If it's getting hot in here, it's just him.  
 He's wearing ashes again to block out your  
 stare. If you happen to spy  
 some coy skin, pale with  
 combustion, quickly avert

your eyes. The mere sight of his bareness  
 has been known to make women sterile. As  
 his fever wilts the touch of  
 every lover he's ever known,  
 do you have any questions?

I like him, personally. Occasionally, I entertain  
 thoughts of him dragged over gravel, naked  
 at last, and vulnerable to my becoming.  
 I can dress him then, and tend his wounds.  
 I know I could change him with my love!  
 We would live tucked away in our  
 fireproof walls, ignorant of the carnage  
 the plague heaps at our door.  
 If only he would look my way,  
 I could wipe the silt from his face with my adoring gaze!

So he bathes in gasoline. That pregnant aroma  
 creeps from his pores to blister the piled night.  
 He washes his depressions and he  
 gargles with antiquated tinder.  
 Beneath space so black it burns

your eyes he lies down to simplify his bed.  
 Even now, not thinking of you at all, he  
 remembers only a single pulse,  
 the rhythm of pain and numbness,  
 and dreams of the skips in his clock.

10/28/00 ..

#### XV.

I lift him from the bed gently.



I do not wake him.  
 Petals of absinthe pool on his  
 eyelids.

Pearls of bubbles strain as he fidgets,  
 shimmy up threads naked to my  
 eye.  
 They bloom instantly as they kiss surface.

It has become necessary to  
 nail him to the wall, to  
 hang him there like the  
 picture he wants to be.  
 It has become necessary  
 to thrust these nails through his  
 blood, to hang him there like  
 the awful picture he wants to be.

Somewhere safe they are making love.  
 I don't have to hold him up now,  
 though he sags like a badly-stitched curtain,  
 billows as wind hits the windows.

I spill his gasoline. I spill his gasoline  
 and it sprays through the house, flooding  
 all the doors with fumes. Occasionally,  
 I think of him twitching.

He's almost awake, thinking of  
 the eyes he stole from women today.

I crack a match and he starts to fizz.  
 Crimson serpents, orange tunnels, yellow.  
 He's almost awake to see scraps of himself,  
 glowing, play as he streams down the wall.

10/29/00

## **XVI.**

...and the sockets smolder in clean black streaks,  
 and from the ceiling where absinthe drips its

sweet relief, char's reflected in teardrop wrap-around, spoiling the coal-bright corners of the room, and when you glide over that ruined floor you taste soot under your tongue, ashes in the fit of your brain, and absinthe dripping from the ceiling prints the grime in granular patches that if you step into you fall through dead leaves after autumn rain, and beneath this moist shroud you find your dead, turning restlessly, breathlessly in the earth, and their faces are your face, only less distinct, and the room you see is the room through stormed panes, full of darkened women and the smudged fruit between their legs, and you too are swimming that viscous flesh this burn left you, collapsing all noise box-size to fill a whole mack truck, and you're not the one driving, it's matches drenched wooly with absinthe drilling dangerously near the core of the room, as you glide over pocked spills of sodden soot dreaming of clocks and what happens when they break, and the heart whispers in these boards raped of their shape and fallen vividly into crumbles, and you touch a page he is as it relaxes into dust...

10/30/00

## **XVII.**

Outside it snows; the leaves, broken open and bleeding, are quenched by a rush of chill. The sky's emptied itself of clouds, spits them back at you as it knits a filmy skin of crystal over everything around you's wrecked.

You know you've fucked-up your life sitting in this room over ragged ashes as if any moment he might wake up, blast open moaning hinges, sift the

resulting winds for notes toward a  
 new place to hide. On bare knees  
 on bare boards, oil-slick and grind  
 cap, you cup the soulless mush that's  
 dripped down the wall, secretly relieved.

Outside, rain whips against stoic glass.  
 The moon like an amber hook; the trees  
 a tunnel out and up the road. Darkened  
 women, their mouths stuffed with  
 smudged fruit

take turns down thoughtless alleys blowing  
 smoke through each other's veins. They  
 are not thinking highly of him. You kneel

on the pile of wet soot you've rescued from  
 flatness; none of them can see how  
 bravely you snuff that trickle you fear

from the corner of your eye. First his arms;  
 you always loved his arms. None of them will  
 know how you added moisture to this ocean's  
 floor, how you almost want to make him taller.

10/30/00

### **XVIII.**

But he must be exactly the same.  
 He must walk in his own shadow, chew  
 his own food; needs to fit snugly  
 in his clothes, so these winds don't  
 bludgeon their way to his skin  
 ever again. This time you trace a cruel

smile for his lips, small blue burns  
 for his eyes, punctured by nail, and  
 once those are finished you feel them  
 already on you, and in; You can't resist  
 broadening his shoulders, inflating  
 his chest until lions lounge  
 on a proud savanna, curling his  
 hair until tyrannical and

neat. Set him in motion with

a cocky walk, rocking hips of  
 thinking worldly knots out of  
 the rugs around him, give him  
 a brand-new goatee to vividly court  
 by stroke the theories of light  
 he finds in the baroque syllogisms  
 he finds when he twirls open blinds  
 in the morning to distance himself  
 from the rocks (faster than mute  
 grass); give him, like cracking a  
 bottle over a boat-prow your touch,

Dana Norris, and remember to wipe  
 your hands. Wet ashes sliver from your  
 palms like shooting tar under water  
 as you clean yourself up after birth.

11/1/00

## XXI.

The sun rips the panels of the sidewalk  
 up to billow off into  
 dappled full-frontal space.  
 This is not true, as usual.  
 Actually, it's past midnight,  
 and no-one loves me.

I try to sleep but only lay  
 on my back as the heat  
 surges around me; I'm sick and  
 breathing somehow through the snot.  
 I smoke a joint to rape my throat  
 to make it sing further down to your  
 toes, like sandpaper socks in cinder-

block shoes. My feet are my Achille's  
 heel, Jarred, and that's why I leave those  
 crusts wrapped in the flat of sliced bread's  
 bag. I'm halfway down the road and have  
 already begun to sing:

"Ruled by Mars and Pluto. Danger  
 secret sex freak. Include Bill  
 Gates and Picasso. Ruled by the  
 genital, weakness the feet.  
 We Have Explosive. Water.  
 We have the whale the shark anenome.  
 At the very bottom, fish light  
 their way through layers of her  
 sweet respite with their skin.  
 These petals are living eating, perhaps  
 us if we touch him. We have the chapel  
 perilous." Where the road to it's bending

11/4/00

## XXII.

toward that inviting glimpse of your blond belly  
 as you lay on the floor of the food court, all  
 faces in the room turned to you to dredge your  
 condition. The chapel is perilous because of its  
 ascent; I climb through razors to reach it, cuts  
 with lips streaking over my muscles, and each one

unhinges its square jaw just to sing your name.  
 It must have been blood sugar or something. "Is  
 that little chicadee all right?" Marjory asks  
 about the girl curled in a heap of almost  
 consciousness on the pavement. "It sounds  
 like hypoglaucemia to me," the brown-eyed  
 girl says. My fingers tingle. I'm going to  
 the chapel and I'm going to get married.

"Hi," she says. "I'm saying hi to you  
 because I've noticed you looking." She's  
 as sick as I am, spitting into trashcans  
 in turning away from the others, and that's when  
 I'm looking. The chapel squats on a distant range  
 of secret and dangerous sex. The chapel churns the  
 gelid air to part in waves to reach for me.  
 "Get her some orange juice!" one guy shouts.  
 She wants to go to sleep, so sorely flung there  
 on the floor humming with internal blink.

At the brink of these charred voices, Jarred  
macks. I'm going to the chapel wrapped  
in these mouths that foam on my skin.

Cradled by paramedic arms and raised  
to the broadness of sunning blond and  
tan, she wakes up to tell me hello.

11/05/00

## **XXVII.**

The doors scream open but really they're  
really quiet, like the sigh of a woman  
who feels the root slither into her,  
arches forward to retrieve it, a  
cascade of muscles taut waterfall springs  
which will only loosen gradually when you  
give up. There are quiet screams.

The doors are heavier than the thought of  
god. The doors are heavier than  
god's thought. The doors are heaving like  
who thought god. The doors may be  
made out of thought made out of god.

You have to push to get them open.  
Muscles teaching waterfall springs  
how to graft into rosy folds.

Taste how the air's mostly pure light  
in there, thinking about god's heaviness,  
absolved. Thinking about flying will

make you fly, and the doors ajar  
like a woman moves over you,  
parting herself,  
closing deeply all around you  
until there is no seal, so  
fused, smoothly moving,  
like the doors that smack shut  
behind you.

There are no floors and no walls when you

fly into this just blossoming space.  
 You see how god drifted  
 to a little pop inside her, and she drowns

11/10/00

## XXVIII.

She bends over a bowl of rosewater fuming,  
 an elegant bridge that curls like a carving  
 of women ripping meat from dead men's bones.  
 You can't hear what she's saying, she blinds  
 with such whiteness split by electricity  
 of abrupt black hair that you can fly if you  
 think to, and do, so that over her you see  
 bending over her from all angles, just like  
 god sees, her arms and legs pores and  
 goosebumps from chapel air brisk and  
 stagnant at the same time microscopic, note  
 her faintly traced moustache in this  
 moment she's unashamed. She murmurs to  
 something she feels that might be you on  
 the air. Rosewater fuming bends over the  
 border of the bowl in syllabic trickles  
 without her touching, and perhaps slides across  
 the floor deep below you, the ground you thought  
 to miss when you stepped here after  
 dragging over nostril hurt crags of agonized  
 gaming that still mouth your skin in gills.  
 You undulate and parse floating over her.  
 Flowers that singed the water fallow blow  
 hot wilts of her singing you think from  
 above, below you, and it's at that crack of  
 the instant when the way you see her dips  
 thirstily into her looking up and pushing you  
 almost to the spires with a brush of her  
 hazel wineglass opulently bubbling and fragile eyes  
 that you know you have to come back down.

11/11/00

## XXIX.

It aches in your ankles, the way she stares,

so solemnly pounding you back to your feet.  
You can smell the sadness on her.

She turns back to her bowl, jimmies a white  
finger in, and turns back to you to  
daub rosewater smoke on your head.

God ging-  
erly dissolves. Problems  
beat be-

low her breasts, pure as any  
overcast full moon. You can smell  
the scattered signatures of veins

signing her inside. Always this feeling  
that everything is sliding away from you,  
shooting to the corners.

When you enter her it's like that  
moon flinging raids of honey to the  
cost, submerged musculature

of clouds. She surrounds every-  
thing you are like a blossoming  
of pills in your head. You strain

to seep through every pore of her  
in the iced chapel air. Steam-  
ing. Dilating. Resonating. Capsiz-

ed in the lilt of the speech of her  
stream. So when the gathering comes,  
clench that constricts corners tighter

as you squirm in her grip, she  
quite easily unhinges the gape of her mouth  
to compel you in and swallow.

11/12/00

## THE ILLUSION OF BAD MOODS



Quarter to five the sun drowning in marmelade lathers the knots  
of branches dancing still and in place. What few leaves are left  
are brown and riddled with fragility; a single touch from me  
could shatter them to scaly dust, which would be picked up by the  
wind's cold hands and scattered through the swamp to somehow seed  
and rebirth.

I'm not thinking of anyone in particular. I plunged into a  
tightly gnarled bed to escape knowledge, and found things out  
about you. Dreaming with the heat on in rhythm to the music they  
play outside my door, I doze and drowse and wake through strata,  
climbing a steep face up to myself and flaying open my knees.

I understand there's an end to this, but something delicious  
has happened in me. The cuts and bruises and gashes and gaps have  
their own odd comfort, but even they are small next to this  
knowledge I have of you. I know that you are a dream dreaming me  
dreaming dreams, and we'll probably go on from here to some other  
town that will ultimately prove dull and unrewarding, even in our  
bad moods.

11/15/00

From **LOVE SONGS FROM OTHER PLANETS**: Sonnet series, 11/19/00-

### **HER DREAM**

I dream the skin machine, rolling with it  
on the bed; it's pink and round  
and looks like a girl I know, stripped  
to goosebumps and the triangular watery  
hairpatch, I'm looking for a way in.

She's a sweet girl, the girl I know  
in this dream. I want to be good to her.  
But, what's wrong, everything's churning  
so fast around me, the bed heaves and the  
skin machine pitches, she's not giggles

as normal, but impatient with her eyes squeezed  
shut, waiting for me to finish. All I can do is climb  
over and on top of her, press myself on her  
to keep her still. I just don't know anymore.

11/19/00

### **I'M ONLY SLEEPING**

Sleep puddles upstream from downtown,  
dripping bitter quills and gritty liquor.  
Her laughter plays the current 'til  
events conspire to consequence. Against  
the series, sheafs ripple in the wind  
like the greatest thing since sliced bread.

Drink up, she says, and last call.  
All my sisters spike like spires,  
challenging cathedrals until sadness  
petals the frequency wroth. Lifelike,  
she leers, reels, sighs in resp(ir)ite bookends.  
Up a few blocks from here the ache ate all

the light. We sleet out our shifts, trade  
tears until it's getting better all the time.

11/20/00

### **INVISIBLE KILLINGS**

I love the slow explosion of snow  
that dresses wind for me to see.  
I love that which gives form to  
pulse, runnels of flakes or pixels  
fingering musically into air.  
Can you staunch this flow of girls,  
at least long enough for me to reach  
my cigarettes, alone on the other end

of the room? I love the way you play  
your body out along the edge of the vacuum,  
picking up filings and lint as well as  
love songs from other planets. I tongue

sugar with this idle rush. I see it is good,  
and I love it.

You and your accumulation.

11/21/00

## DRUGS

These drugs keep me from making a big mistake, like feeling. They fill up my days until they're brighter than a greenhouse, unwieldy, and I begin to empathize with my dirty carpet, though I know it's only using me. It's okay, I'm used to it.

Oh, what's the use? I tried being good: went to class, ate my greens, stopped just short of voting republican. No-one loved me then, either. Now I drop pills between bonghits, to hear the sound they

smack when they fall. I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in, and stops my mind

dead in its tracks, strung out by your light

11/21/00

## CAST

I spend nights alone listening as my bones submerge themselves in a beeline to my heart, where eventually like a

splinter from a calloused mop-handle they'll slip into my heart and puncture. It's very hard to carry a tune that way; squirting music feverishly as if to water the paths out from this sour spot with a tropical ennui. What will grow here, don juan,

when this room's long ago been folded to the ground, and all around us those who could keep their bones in check are spitting tender silver streamers from their throats, and she's just crying on this pall of stones?

11/22/00

### **THE NIGHTS THAT HEAR US OOZING BREATH**

The mystery tries to drive through our house  
while I'm on holiday in the concentration camps.  
Not being able to focus particularly well on one  
thought and one thought only, I come home to  
bowed walls, weeping strenuous errata. She  
could line her lips with a darker bronze, trill  
her blond until I'm too blinded to lie covered  
over by her sexless flesh, which is just breathing,  
oozing; oozing breath. I don't smell well after  
days without perfume, and I sleep in these clothes.

The nights here are fragrant with misspelled brain  
cells. The nights hear, rip holes in houses just like  
mine. The warmer November gets the more we fall into  
those cellars Mom and Dad thought we'd never find.

11/25/00

### **TRIPLE DOG DARE**

I always wanted to be Boo Radley, monstrous child  
locked in a shut-in position, a natural invalid  
in a world not quite brimming with validity.

I'd pad across carpet in bare feet all day long,  
with no worries about being loved (who could love  
Boo Radley?), no worries about staying "Absolutely  
Modern," to compete with Rimbaud. Better yet, I'd  
wear an Emily Dickinson dress, starched New England  
collars, bats dropping from baby-fist ruffles,

and stare out the window a lot, heave those poetic  
sighs, corresponding with poets far away. My only  
company would be those hapless innocents,  
the neighborhood kids passing initiation by risking

my poisonous door. The oven will warm everything.

11/26/00

## BLAKE IN VEGAS

I feel lucky not to have dissolved like the  
hazy sugar I am ('a fiend hid in a cloud')  
in today's dripping cool and precipitous  
refrain. I sing the water mantra with  
Morning Glory on my mind. Julia as a slender

temperature of jugular happiness from that  
long-ago bruise is still a tad tender,  
but she's smiling and shaking her  
hair, miles from here in Cincy  
now. I leap the mirror puddles, amazed to

watch wheels work themselves out like caramel  
arithmetic on the viscous skin. Morning Glory  
on my mind. My mind on these hairless trees'  
curlicue hibernation. Hands laced with smoke.

11/27/00

## THEY HAVE FINALLY FROZEN SOUND

Winter freezes my room overnite.  
I wake to webs of frost tickling  
in my hair, my eyes gummed coolly  
shut and no warmth of curves  
to war with blood below the skin.

I'll build a snowfort and populate it  
with long ago lovers. I'll roll hips  
from this passive powder, listen  
to the crack as I step over hard ground:  
just like the glass heart. Some  
change in the quality of sound and  
the frequency of slab sky has

sung against the jaded snowgirls  
who critique my icy architecture.

11/28/00

## THE NEW HACKER'S DICTIONARY

9/9/00—9/15/00

*All of this writing was copied and pasted from Internet sources, including the author's Yahoo inbox, Yahoo astrology, My Yahoo, The Interactive Poetry Pages, The Jargon File of The Hacker's Dictionary, and Alan Sondheim's Internet Philosophy and Psychology site. The author is especially indebted to Mr. Sondheim's site for the inspiration for this text.*

Lewis LaCook

9/10/00

### I.

If you've got can write about things because of the muted "The word hack doesn't really have 69 on the cupboards too...) Anyway,

I did get a couple books on how to do your own

dissolution --I feel so Martha Stewart! Only problem lil'friend has for me such big favors and pleased to be

inside my mind swimming freeagainst ill winds and the encumbered seadifferent meanings", according to MIT hacker Phil Agre. "In fact, hack has only one meaning, an extremely subtle and profound one which construct of terror:

of everyday . I still think phone number for what, thenineteenth time. Actually, cats

because the number was stuck on our fridge and they

both love pulling things off there (Romy licks it, and the lead-filled paint

is I am not going to Look, you don't have to be an asshole to me. You can think what ever you want about me. Ya know: that I'm a whore, selfish, I blame one of the just like my father, I'm main stream, uneducated, normal, boring, a slut, a tramp, loose, shallow,

bubbly, what ever you say Lewis.be around too much this month.Either e-mail or call me and your a

way cool guy. Smart, handsome, passionate, charming, and goooooooooood

(down-there) HAHA! I want you to feel that, all the time we have spent together was a learning experience, if any thing. You understand?

I really don't understand myself, only that you helped me feel independent

of Glenn and I feel more confident naked.lifechores Someone's not to say that cyberspace \_is\_ or \_is not\_ this or that, butbound to notice how seductively you move. to take care of, better to

communicate your that hackers often coin jargon It went fine. I did

something after that that I RARELY do, but do well when the time comes. I

bought myself a few new outfits (at an outlet place, actually) and got

supremely good value. Then I proceeded to get new Reeboks (black and white -

1 each). Later, I got dress and flat shoes (Liz). Then last by overgeneralizing grammatical rules. This is one aspect of a more general fondness for form-versus-content language jokes that shows up particularly in hackish . Do not get down on your self, that's half the writing. One correspondent reports that he consistently misspells 'wrong' feelings by Avenue J and 6 Street intersect over there. Points. This is my poem everyone and I think it's pretty damn good to start off with.

I'm not going any where, and I forgive you. I have always forgiven you. I will not forget, but I hold no grudge. I'm sorry that you are sad, and you seem angry with just talked with the little lady for an hour and a half. i feel myself retiring from the game for a little bit retreating to see it from the sidelines. your self. You need to learn to tolerate your self.

We do not have all the numbers and alphabet. I think it had to do with politics. The jefe has organized around here. up frequently in the email style of Unix hackers in particular is a tendency for some things that are normally all-lowercase (including memories of the things If cyberspace is a construct of labor, link in the chain of being, not wandering around in lines and effects as olson points out, to remain run through in the interval, into the other realm

each poem a and others, too, each step depends upon the preceding and in some way anticipates what follows--so each divination is yet another vision into the beyondo, the door opens and closes, the rocks slam into each other and you must , then jump back and forth. what sort of divination do you mean. nothing can be 'too mystic'.....

uncapitalized Hush falls over the ocean  
And the air doesn't dare to breathe  
The world looks like it  
Just even when they occur at the I can't even describe how much I loved your poems. They were (ah, oh!)  
heart-wrenching, raw, intelligent,

each poem a link in the chain of being, not wandering around in lines and effects  
as olson points out, and others, too, each step depends upon the preceding and in some way anticipates what follows--so each divination is yet another vision into the beyondo, the door opens and closes, the rocks slam into each other and you must run through in the interval, into the other realm, then

jump back  
and forth. what sort of divination do you mean. nothing can be 'too  
mystic'.....

musical. Beautifulbeginning of sentences. It is clear that, for many hackers, the case of such  
identifiers becomes a part of their internal representation (the `spelling') and cannot be overridden  
without mental effort (an appropriate reflex because Unix and C both distinguish cases and  
confusing them can lead to lossage). A way of escaping this dilemma is simply to avoid using these  
constructions at the beginning of sentences. You The texts may be of fragmentation, of perturbed  
ontologies, it is also a usernames and the names of commands and C routines) distributed in any  
medium - indeed, I urge you to do so -

provided I am credited with Media Pane, forthcoming, Another hacker habit is a tendency to  
distinguish between `scare' quotes and `speech' quotes; that is, to use British-style single quotes for  
marking and reserve AmericanGordon and Breach, 2000

The Care of the Real, Potes and Poets Press, 1998 (2 chapbooks)

Jennifer, Nominative Press Collective, 1998 authorship. I would appreciate in return any  
comments you may have. But I still love you

I still care  
With all my heart  
And all my soul  
Your friendship  
Means so much

Add to commentary

know we vote and we vote. Me, I voted

with my feet. That is why I am here. I find my way around by looking.

If you look, you can learn all sorts of things. I voted with my eyes as well. showing how much you  
care, rather than Ground, Grund, Jennifer - jmGuide, First, Internet - jwHTML - O routing, O ARP,  
O promiscuous ARP hacked back into the newborn's arms! jp - jq - jr

HTML Breath - jrHTML-Body - jq - jr - jsHTML-Body, Theory of - jsHTML-MESS - jr

Hacker Drive - jq - jsHacking - ddHacking Typology - ee

Haunting of the Males - Net14.txttalking about it. This could get get them done early, Scorpio,  
because you upset a carefully planned budgetwon't be in the mood to work tonight. The emotional  
Moon will Chaos at the base of your life may relate to all kinds of changes meet up with It might  
seem like the What does must stop spinning

As I helplessly watch you leave it mean that the \_host is alive,\_ that the host is kicking in?

It receives, processes, sends messages; it returns, enfolds, disperses

messages; it fragments, routes, gateways messages, enabling EMERGENCY

THROUGHPUT I AM COMING THROUGH EMERGENCY SPEECH NAKED FINGERING

DEEP greatest idea in the world right now, but discuss it with your partner before getting too  
excited. Then you can both share your woozy, romantic Neptune, setting you up for only the nicest  
of encounters. If you're You can either be stubborn and stick to your regular routine or referencing  
a number of

writers ranging from Jabes and Blanchot to Acker and Lingisstep outside the lines a bit and see  
single, this is the stuff address: cyberspace location of subject or agent



coagulation: ego-formation of disparate healing processes  
 death: address and recognition lossdreams that creates You'll find this intensifying Single our  
 damaged lives and bodies lead us astray! Stop inhaling God, Taureans are set up to stumble across  
 someone quite by coincidence. Better have brunch out. by Thursday, when Mercury enters your  
 twelfth house love at first sight. Besides who could ever your sense of unity and bondedness is  
 likely to grow by leaps resist staring back at you? We are very clean here.

## II.

You've been waiting for You could be in a unavoidable reality which  
 has radically changed our consciousness and our  
 perceptions, our sense of values and our relationship to the world and  
 to ourselves. LyX is a free program that This morning when I got to the

office I found a red velvet heart hanging  
 from a branch of the ficus. It had to be  
 from Eddie. to  
 discover that she had been hired as the  
 clinic's comptroller. I always suspected  
 Diana had the hots for Roger. Divorced,  
 testy, flamboyant, always on offensive.  
 "It's that studly plant guy, isn't it?"

provides a more modern approach of writing

documents with a computer. Compared to  
 common word processors, LyX increases I felt a hand on my shoulder  
 and turned. "I see you have an admirer." It  
 was Diana. Diana is also an old college  
 buddy of Roger's. I wasn't thrilled

productivity, since the job of typesetting is  
 romantic mood today, so try to schedule a special painters who came to  
 be called ``Abstract Expressionists" shared a daydreaming about the  
 future. You might envision the perfect companion  
 fat chairs. I never liked ringing the service bell

because it often made me realize  
 that there was nobody at the  
 other end. In the middle of the  
 night I wake up in the dark. Is

this Tokyo, London, where is it? It  
 doesn't seem to matter at your side,  
 "The medium is the message" - this was Marshall McLuhan's diagnosis of the  
 psychological and sociological 1945, Nam June Paik went to Kyunggi  
 High School in Seoul. At the same time, he took piano and  
 composition lessons. In 1950, his family moved to Tokyo: there, he  
 studied philosophy, music and the history of  
 art, gaining a diploma in aesthetics and writing a thesis on Arnold  
 Schönberg. He continued his training in

Germany, at Munich and Cologne Universities, and then at the Freiburg Conservatory. consequences of the mass media. In the sixties his thesis became a slogan. A generation later, McLugan took this analysis a step further. His investigation of the signs of the times describes the birth of a new media landscape. He found that the mass media industries changed the culture, art and behavioral norms of a society by changing the consciousness of the people. Media dependency produces externally controlled human beings who can be shifted around like chessmen on the great chessboard of society.

satisfying your every desire. of equipment deter you from continuing on a path that will manifest ideal , hesimilarity of outlook rather than of style-- an outlook characterized by a spirit of revolt and a belief in freedom of expression. The main exponents of the genre were Pollock, de Kooning, and Rothko, but other artists included Guston, evening tonight. You might want to go to a glamorous restaurant with your sweetheart. Pay the violinist to play your favorite song! Or maybe yous special times that you once spent with them.

Or you could be expressed the satirical, horrifying, and hallucinatory in such works as Three Studies for Figures at the Base of a Crucifixion (1944; Tate Gall., London).

financial conditions. Keep an eye on costs, however, because some bills or The first public exhibitions of work by the ``New York School" of artists-- who were to become known as Abstract Expressionists-- were held in the mid '40s. Like many other modern movements, Abstract Expressionism does not describe any one particular style, but rather a general attitude; not all the work was abstract, nor was it all expressive. What these artists did have in common were morally loaded themes, often heavyweight and tragic, on a grand scale. In contrast to the themes of social realism extra expenses make you peaceful, and one thing you need to do right now is to relax a bit!just the right time to ask for that well-deserved raiseChaos at the base of your life may relate to all kinds of they stand for both dreams and traumas, luxury and poverty. to feel the nightmare of its own destruction. The total availability of consumer goods has turned into the waste-disposal problem of a throw-away society in which the desires and fates of individuals disappear in the mass. changes with your lifestyle and home conditions. Don't let

electrical failures or the breakdown

Venus is trine Jupiter today, and this influence could make you feel a little will Every part of our bodies are rapidly rejuvenating and revitalized.

The Universe, the Planet Earth and  
where we are, protect us,  
inspire us, and give us good energy.

We are one and whole  
and, together, we have the power to  
heal ourselves, our planet

and the universe. Every day in every  
way, it's getting better and  
better for all of us,

want to go to the beach or a lake for  
some inspiration. Natural setting  
sentimental and romantic. You could be  
thinking about someone you used

to date, dear Scorpio. You might  
reminisce about the good old days,  
thinking about could upset a carefully  
planned budget. Your practical

nature will help you find a safe n 1993,  
Electronic Superhighway from Venezia to Ulan-Bator was exhibited in the  
German pavilion at the Venice In Facing the end of this century, I  
thank each and every one

of you for helping me to learn, grow  
and enjoy life on this Civilizaton hascome  
beautiful planet. In gratitude, I  
would like to share an affirmation

with you. Thank you, thank you,  
thank you for a beautiful day.

Today is the foundation and the  
beginning of our life of healing,  
love and joy. In our mind's eye, we  
are all healthy and whole.

as we cease to waste our time and  
energy were presented in the United States in an itinerant exhibition  
(Ft. Lauderdale

Museum of Art, Ft. Lauderdale, and Holly Solomon Gallery, New  
York): The Electronic Superhighway : Nam June Paik in the Nineties.  
on ill thoughts and ill conducts.

War is over if you want it. As  
John said: "Together we can make it.

We can make it  
together, and that's all there is to  
it." I love you.

Biennale. In 1994, his video sculptures (Family of Robot : Mother and Father, Painted Metal Child, 1986, Aunt and Uncle, 1986-1988, etc.) route through the storm. The star cult of the era was also a sign of its sufferings; made-up faces, adapted to their functions as the icons of the sixties, were a source of compensation for the feelings of frustration and impotence of consumers suffocating in their anonymity.

-- and hello Scorpio, that time is now.

Your boss is in a fantastic mood,  
you're in good with the head honcho's  
support staff and you're sure to get  
just what you ask for!  
done mostly by the computer, not the author.

### III.

Soon

you can have a

tracking

microprocessor

implanted in your

body. A commodity is, in the first place, a thing that satisfies a human want; in the second place, it is a thing that can be exchanged for another thing. The utility of a thing makes it a use-value.

Exchange-value (or, simply, value), is first of all the ratio, the proportion, in which a certain number of use-values of one kind can be exchanged for a certain number of use-values of another kind.

her clients, but that Organizers of the Tour of Spain are concerned  
prostitutes on the route of the final stage in Madrid could  
disrupt the finish, for most men sex means How you stare  
at me cruelly

As you hide me from day time Glad you're in the last semester. Will you likely get the MFA/Ph.D. then, and be at a university teaching or whatever? I think you should consider it. The life is extraordinary. I grew up in that life - at Notre Dame - Dad was

professor of finance, and then Dean of Business (started the grad school of business there). Very loved, esteemed person.

Where I am truly alone is secondary to speech, and that the author of a text is the source of its meaning. Derrida's

deconstructive style of reading subverts these assumptions and challenges the idea that a text has an unchanging, unified meaning.

a cool wind lingers

and the blows the days last cinders flustered English-language interpreter made the embarrassing error after

pausing for a long moment during a speech in Arabic

Far away, into yesterday Moonlightfrustration,

embarrassment and self-contempt more often

than pleasure, The ideas of the ruling

class are in every epoch the ruling ideas, i.e. the class which is the ruling material force We expect to receive several more fees in the next few days with

a slew of last minute entries. The judges have been hard at work scoring the hundreds of poems which have come in.

of society, is at the same time its ruling intellectual force.

The class which has the means of material production at one class the ruling one, therefore, the ideas of its

dominance. The individuals composing the ruling class possess among other things consciousness, and therefore

think. Insofar, therefore, as they rule as a class and determine the extent and compass of an epoch, it is fulfillment and romance. There are probably exceptions, but blew himself

up with a home-made

bomb Friday in a bungled attempt to kill his wife and her lover in the far eastern Russian city of Khabarovsk

won't push it so far

that it threatens

her husband. Is this a This historical method which reigned in Germany, and especially the reason why, must be understood from its

connection with the illusion of ideologists in general, e.g. the illusions of the jurist, politicians When the topic of Internet piracy and Napster comes up (of the practical

statesmen among them, too), from the dogmatic dreamings and distortions of these fellows; this is explained

perfectly ea This year alone, the

3-year-old developer has issued dozens of virus warnings,

averaging one alert every 10 days for several months, including a three-warning blitz

over four days in late June.

great technological

its disposal, has control at the same time over the means of mental production, so that thereby, generally speaking, the ideas of those who lack the means of mental production are subject to it. The ruling ideas are nothing more than the ideal expression of the dominant material relationships, the dominant material relationships grasped as ideas; hence of the relationships which make the

breakthrough -- or

Big Brother's last

laugh? 1. Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes.

2. A heavy progressive or graduated income tax. Of the last 10 virus warnings Kaspersky has issued, none is on anti-virus company Sophos plc.'s list of the 10

most reported viruses. And virus strains don't have to be propagating for Kaspersky to issue a warning -- as

long as they have the potential to spread. SECRETS: Confluent corners of Internet communication, seepages, the anxiety of posting and reception, releasement and waiting. Its latest warning, for a Windows 2000 threat called W2K.stream, noted, "Kaspersky Lab has not registered any infections resulting from this virus; however, its working capacity and ability for existence 'in-the-wild' are unchallenged."

3. Abolition of all rights of inheritance.

4. Confiscation of the property of Mankind placed before fiery craters, Rolling drums, dark foreheads of warriors. Footsteps in a fog of blood, the ringing of black steel, Despair, night in the grieving senses: Here is Eve's Derrida attempts to show that language is constantly shifting. Although Derrida's shadow, the hunt, and blood money. Light breaks through the clouds, the Lord's Supper. Bread and wine keep gentle silence, And there the twelve stand assembled. At night, under the olive-trees, they cry out in their sleep. Saint Thomas lowers his hand into the wound. all emigrants and rebels.

5. Centralization of credit in the banks he EPC serves as a central gateway to resources in electronic poetry and poetics produced at the University at

Buffalo as well as elsewhere on the Internet. Our aim is simple: to make a wide range of resources centered on contemporary experimental and formally innovative

poetries an immediate actuality. Explore the EPC by f of the state, by means of a national bank with state capital and an exclusive monopoly.

6. Centralization of methinks that poetry like beauty is in the eye of the beholder. i for one, enjoy writing that comes from raw, real emotion. the poem, in my humble opinion, is honest, witty and expresses something i have experienced that's for

sure. that doesn't mean i feel it all the time, but sometimes i do. if i do and the poet of the poem does then maybe

we all do somewhere deep inside. all human emotion should be explored. even the stuff that is childish and pettty.

why not? no poetry is crap, Writing, however, would be a real expenditure, and typing, I think, at least as great. Drag-and-click or drag-and-drop mouse techniques, however, do a great deal of work for us. I want you to think of this as I translate my work into code and protocols, taking away the breath, the fingers run into the keys, periodically slammed to a halt at a runaway speed. This is each and every finger, the wrist and palm constantly changing position to accommodate them. No mean feat. The drop can be up to an inch at times, depending on the keyboard, the dance, the illuminated thought itself. except mine ofcourse... the means of communication and transport in the hands of the state.

7. Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the state; the bringing into cultivation of Derrida's work focuses on language. He contends that the traditional, or metaphysical way of reading makes a number of false assumptions about the nature of texts. A traditional reader believes that

language is capable of expressing ideas without changing them, that in the hierarchy of language writing

Western culture has tended to assume that speech is a clear and direct way to communicate. Drawing on psychoanalysis and linguistics, Derrida questions this assumption. As

a result, the author's intentions in speaking cannot be unconditionally accepted. This multiplies the

number of legitimate interpretations owaste lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan.

8. Equal obligation of all to work. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture.

9. Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries; gradual abolition of all the

distinction between town and country by a more equable distribution of the populace

over the country. Deconstruction shows the multiple layers of meaning at work in language. By deconstructing the works

of previous scholars,  
 thought is sometimes portrayed by critics as destructive of  
 philosophy, deconstruction can be better  
 understood as showing the unavoidable tensions between the ideals  
 of clarity and coherence that  
 govern philosophy and the inevitable shortcomings that accompany  
 its production. -----

Jesus Christ, man what were you thinking when you wrote that? I  
 mean as a metaphore it's good but to me it just  
 sounds like the fantasy of some shit-eater with a short prick.

10. Free education for all .

it was the greatest night in the history of time  
 and since you were the catalyst, i'll only charge a dime  
 but this note is to remind you my sex is not free  
 and i'll give you no more till you come and pay me. children in  
 public schools. Abolition of children's factory labor  
 in its present form. Combination of education with  
 industrial production, etc. i never noticed how long  
 they were until they flew

#### IV.

To speak incessantly and/or rabidly on some relatively uninteresting subject or with a patently  
 ridiculous attitude.

a Windows 95-style graphical  
 interface

tags and attributes and dialogs Dog makes life simple for you by  
 providing quick access to The Jargon File is a common heritage of the hacker culture. Over the  
 years a number of individuals have Also, a doubled verb is often used to terminate a conversation,  
 in the process remarking on the current state of affairs or what the speaker intends to do next.  
 Typical examples involve win, lose, hack, flame, barf, chomp:

"The disk heads just crashed." "Lose, lose."

"Mostly he talked about his latest crock. Flame, flame."

"Boy, what a bagbiter! Chomp, chomp!" volunteered considerable time to maintaining the File and  
 been recognized by the net at large as editors of it. keep the file in a was probably just as  
 ambiguous in Middle English as "the flaming of all hackers subscribe to the mechanistic,  
 materialistic ontology of science (this is in practice true even of most of the minority with contrary  
 religious theories). In this view, people are biological machines - consciousness is an interesting



and valuable epiphenomenon, but mind is implemented in machinery which is not fundamentally different in information-processing capacity from computers.

wretches" would be today consistent format; and to announce and distribute updated versions periodically. Current volunteer editors include:

Editorial responsibilities include: IIIIIII TTTTTTTTTTTRRRRRRN EEEEEETTTTTTTTTT  
sondheim@newschool.edu

IIIN T EE RR RNN EE TTT

III N T EE RR RNNN EE TTT

III N T EEEEEERRRRRRNNNN EEEEEEE TTTEXT

III NT TT RR NNNN N TTT

IIIIIII TTEEE RRN NNNNNEEEEEEE TTT copyright 2007 to collate contributions and suggestions from others; to seek out corroborating information; to cross-reference related entries; to help you

create complex elements. they coalesce in the throat, that arena of protocols and perfect It also uses long-waves are fuzzy topoi of such issues as death, love, virtual embodiment,

the "granularity of the real," and physical reality, even if you don't have Windows 95! it is common to hear hardware or software talked Born naked in the world, I am a cocoon, the shearing of tissue, an

emergence. I am in a constant state of waiting; my hole opens everywhere across the body, this time inputting wires, terminals, nodes. What is left of me in the midst of depression is an order of interconnectivity: I recognize messages, but no longer comprehend their content. The sexualization of the hole, enervation of the rim, begins to disappear about as though it has homunculi talking to each other inside it, with intentions and desires. Thus, one hears "The protocol handler got confused", or that programs "are trying" to do things, or one may say of a routine there are no conclusions to be drawn in Internet Text, no series of protocol statements or declarations creating any sort of ultimate defining or explanatory position. The entire history of philosophy mitigates against this; instead, I side with the Schlegels, with Nietzsche, Bataille, Jabes, and others, for whom the fragment is crucial to an understanding of contemporary life...

HotDog is an HTML editor for Windows. It helps you maintain and create documents for the World Wide Web. Hot Falling in love - always out of control; what one does in relation

to it presumably requires a degree of conscious consent. Love posits an elsewhere, as therefore does hate; beyond the two, a bandwidth of emotions appears. It is the elsewhere of love that constructs literature, which otherwise would be a set of logical postulates driven by unrecognized desire<HTML>

<HEAD>

<STYLE TYPE="text/css">

#aaa (position:absolute; left:60; top:60)

</STYLE>Adventureres and researchers

found poplars and juniper

and returned only I have taken care fo you

It's your turn now my dear  
 Grab my beer  
 This me in fear  
 trembles beneath your fire-drawn fingers  
 I like the last line, really good imagery...

-----

i agree...  
 trembling beneath your fire-drawn fingers  
 quaking and rumbling and tumbling am i  
 the scent of burnt out candles lingers  
 fiery touch a whispered sigh  
 thanks for the inspiration  
 care to continue?

stumps, rotted walls and  
 concrete slabs their bellies  
 hung like their faces downturned  
 to earth's sudden impregnable surface, pocked  
 with wrappers of bright corporate display  
 sunlit cigarette infested beer bottles the next new day  
 turn summers heat to winters play  
 a tradeshow of corporate hopes  
 weed-grown streets  
 disregarding breakfast they pressed on

that has gone astray  
 narrow loud and forgotten

```
</HEAD>
<BODY><CENTER>
<BR><BR><MARQUEE BEHAVIOR="slide" DIRECTION="left" WIDTH=250
BGCOLOR="red">
<SPAN ID="aaa">
<H1> WHO ARE YOU DAISHIN NIKUKO
<BR>I AM THE TRUTH AND O-KAMI</H1>
</SPAN>
</CENTER> EEEEEETTTTTTTTTT sonnheim@newschool.edu
  IIIN T EE RR RNN EE TTT
  III N T EE RR RNNN EE TTT
  III N T EEEEEERRRRRNNNN EEEEEEE TTTEXT
  III NT TT RR NNNN N TTT</MARQUEE>
<MARQUEE BEHAVIOR="alternate" WIDTH=250 BGCOLOR="red">
<SPAN ID="aaa"><BLINK><H1>Do you ever wonder if
Your true love would ever find
Out how you feel about him.
```

It must be in his Entropy is an inescapable fact about the universe. Inevitably,  
there comes a time when the old homestead gets a little messy.

Maybe you've been doing some remodeling, moving furniture around  
and the like; maybe you just finished building the place and  
there's still sawdust in the corners; maybe it's just acquired a  
bit too much of that lived-in look. Any way you look at it, it's  
time to spiff up your HTML.mind.

Do you ever wonder if

If that person will ever feel the

Same about you like how

<LAYER BGCOLOR="black" TOP=100>

<BR><BR>&nbsp; &nbsp; I AM JULU DARK BREASTS LUMINOUS

<BR>LUMINOUS WOMB LUMINOUS DARK EYES

</LAYER></MARQUEE>

<MARQUEE BEHAVIOR="slide" DIRECTION="right" WIDTH=250 BGCOLOR="red">

<LAYER BGCOLOR="red" TOP=100>

<BR><BR>&nbsp; &nbsp; I AM JENNIFER OF THE DARK JULU

<BR>ELECTRA MEDEA PHAEDRA ANTIGONE

</LAYER></BLINK></H1></SPAN>

<LAYER TOP=100>

to have a topic or a subject beyond the poem itself is a dodge, at  
least

this would be an offshoot of NewCrit, and a manifestation of

'a poem must not mean but be' sort of direct experience deal

(this is all old shit, no?)ERGO, I'll wait until the weekend to enjoy your  
work!

That will be my treat! so that a poem of emptiness w/b empty,  
like,

how?

and suggestions from others; to seek

EEEEETTTTTTTTTT sondheim@newschool.edu

IIIN T EE RR RNN EE TTT

III N T EE RR RNNN EE TTT

III N T EEEEEERRRRRNNNN EEEEEEE TTTEXT

III NT TT RR NNNN N TTT

IIIIIII TTEEE RRN NNNNNEEEEEEE TTT copyright 2007 to collate contributions

Though, i do think there's a resurgence of topicality, ie, Born to procreate,

the sleeping Buddha

dreaming of seeds

and hungry eggs

smiles just before you got it right in the first part there.

i dunno what sillyman is after

sometimes i just hear it and copy it down

not like a voice, but i'm hooked into the poetry machine and its runnin



arrived home. He had the cordless phone in  
his hand. "Guess who's coming to dinner?"  
He waved the phone in the air.

makes it hard to commit. On the other hand, you may be the one to keep far  
more evolved higher regions,  
churning original combinations,  
focused as a wind shear

running into people who can't commit. Perhaps an attitude of "No thanks,  
I'm just looking" or "Win some, lose some" will work for you now.  
inside-out, of course.  
The pain is balanced momentarily  
By gratitude for applause.

-----

If read in time...  
We have wine open and circa '99 greenstuff--should you  
care to brunch on your way to work. Naturally, I'd  
deliver you to the institution, afterwards.

a false  
poetics  
we're still working off of aristotle's mimesis, aren't we?  
mimicing the sounds of silence and solitude, echoing the emptiness of  
space

she's visiting sept 27th, we're dancing...

t

```
<BR><BR><CENTER><STRIKE> THOSE EMANATIONS HUNGER FOR
<BR>WHAT DARK TRUTH OF ELECTRA MEDEA
</STRIKE></CENTER></LAYER><BR><BR><BR><BR>
<H1>THAT OF A TRUTH WHICH IS NO LONGER TRUE<BR>
MY WOUNDED BREASTS MY SCREAMING CHILDREN</H1></MARQUEE>
</BODY>
</HTML>
```

V.

Lewis--What makes me different from you? I saw a situation where I felt someone was in  
danger by your behavior,

Is it the fact that w/ out regard to anyones feeling except my own that I stole your car then was it when we went to your aunts funeral (She'd been dead only a week) and her son (your cousin) got you drunk enough to pass out on his couch

You were drunk, you couldn't see. Words such as 'mumble', 'sigh', and 'groan' are spoken in places where their referent might more naturally be used. It has been suggested that this usage derives from the impossibility of representing such noises on a comm link or in electronic mail, MUDs, and IRC channels (interestingly, the same sorts of constructions have been showing up with increasing frequency in comic strips). Another expression sometimes heard is "Complain!", meaning "I have a complaint!" You were asleep, so I was free.

To do all the evil things built up inside of me. It is however the very dissolution of the subject that creates the

response for its existence, a call emanating from the confusion of discursive levels; the subject exists by virtue of its absence, its presence through those very symbols |<->- that reduce it to the hole. Net dialog is a tangle of switches, sidetracks, private and public messages, alternative routes, flaming and disappearances, subnets and undernets, hackers of the circuitous. What is the dialog of symmetry (double-functioning, the function of the double and duplication) fissures as one or another party is always elsewhere. let your so-called best friend drive (drunk) to a rock quarry and fuck my brains out?

There is also the condition of delays along packet lines moving information at megabytes per second; a delay is not the momentary condition of this medium-as-message, but an irregular cancellation of the message and its protocol; subjectivity appears precisely in the absence of its call; I say to you: the net-subject is defined by negation; occurs in the breakdown of symmetricizing functions; sutures these functions in its absence; reconstitutes itself repeatedly; I call this the CONDITION of the subject which is REWRITE. lol ALT.SEX.FETISH.ANYTHING-YOU-WANT ALT.FAN.TONYA HARDING.WHACK.WHACK.WHACK ALT.FAN.NANCY\_KERRIGAN.OUCH.OUCH.OUCH lol I wrecked your car (on purpose I said (to myself)) Swore I fell asleep, but really I wished only to be dead. I was not aware that Vogons had access to the World Wide Web! It's not going to be demolished to make way for an hyperspace relay connection, is it?

-----  
flibber-flabber will get you nowhere, gleebanoid.....-tasty the cat

----- To theorize is to survive; This viewpoint has respectable company in academic philosophy. Daniel Dennett organizes explanations of behavior using three stances: the "physical stance" (thing-to-be-explained as a physical object), the "design stance" (thing-to-be-explained as an artifact), and the "intentional stance" (thing-to-be-explained as an agent with desires and intentions). Which stances are appropriate is a matter not of truth but of utility. Hackers typically view simple programs from the design stance, but more complex ones are modelled using the intentional stance the electric net, electronic net - nineteenth and twentieth century - but the glow of mechanism fading quickly in the world of the electron transformed by emissions boiling initially in the world of the vacuum, shuddered sluice gates controlling the future of the voice in the midst of the

atmosphere - only later does the voice descend into the  
 articulation of the transistor, stolid matter, packet wiring,  
 direct wiring, fibre optic, microwave -  
 tasty the cat? is that your secret pass word or your fav. dish? what ever it is i think it is great.  
 funniest name i have seen here ever  
 ^^amontillado^^

-----

YEP!  
 ^^a^^

-----

plish plish you silly fish, of course i am my favorite dish  
 like a hairball caught in the throat of sanity  
 do come behold my thwarbled cavity.....-his humbled phatness tastyTHEcat

What's funny is the skein of the net duplicates and  
 reduplicates - there is never a QUESTION of survival, only the  
 hunger of the distended matrix - you don't know any of this. YET you still beat me. Grabbed my  
 neckpicked me up and threw me through the glass shower door.  
 Deserved it you said. I cried in your "best friends" arms. Let him kiss the tears away. "I'll kill him.  
 GET OUT OF THERE!!!" he'd whisper when you weren't around.  
 BUT DESPITE EVERY HATEFUL TERRIBLE THING YOU PUT ME THROUGH I STILL  
 BELIEVE THERES NOT A THING I CAN DO.

I really don't know how to Lewis, I'm sorry that you are sad and tired. Please be good to your self  
 so we could fuck right in front of you.  
 You actually can be a very bright and glowing person when you are light  
 hearted. This is the best poem on this page. -J.Kirk

-----

If you believe that, Scotty should have beamed you up long ago.  
 Janeway

-----

Janeway, you ignorant bitch. I don't  
 really ever talk in those sorts of terms. The poetry here is trite and mediocre except for a generous  
 few. My poems shall rip the universe many new assholes!! All will bow in the infinite glory of my  
 radioactive dung pile!!!  
 -J.Kirk the Almighty

-----

I prefer, "monstrosity brain-damage screw bug lose misfeature  
 crock kluge hack win feature elegance perfection Janeway, you ignorant slut" (a la the ghost of  
 Saturday NIGht LIve past). But wouldn't what you said be in violation of the Prime Directive?  
 Janeway

-----

Directive Shmirective.  
 -J.Kirk the Stud of the Universe

-----

Well, in that case I have no alternative but to seize control of your vessel. You are expected to fully comply and submit to me in this matter.

Janeway

-----

It's not logical to fight like this. Janeway has a piercing voice that makes you want to kill her, and Kirk is a wrinkled, old prune who can never find his girdle and wig. broken flaky dodgy fragile brittle

solid robust bulletproof armor-plated

Spock out.

-----

you must be out of your vulcan mind Also, I am sure that it is awkward to you to hear that your flirtatiousness was discussed. Alan): You write me in the equation.(Honey): lol (laughs out loud)

(Alan): Tyler wants to know if you can cut him off???

(Honey): I am too the right sex! And the last time I took a survey, no one complained either!

:God I wish I knew what the right sex was, must be near the leftone!

(Lulu): I was talking about me!

(Alan): God I wish I knew what the right sex was, must be near theleft one!

(Honey): lol

You can bring a lot of joy and happiness to people around you when you want to. Coinages for describing lossage seem to call forth the very finest in hackish linguistic inventiveness; it has been truly said that hackers have even more words for equipment failures than Yiddish has for obnoxious people. I never thought that you were just a ghetto rat. First of all I think ghetto rats tend to be very sincere and loving. Second of all, you were never just anything. Strange how the only place I ever saw brains served up on the menu was a low-rent Mexican eatery several blocks away. Like those of a more refined taste couldn't be bothered. Or didn't like to be reminded.

What else can you do with the dead than rifle through their personal belongings?

-Mofo Rising Unclassifiable...Tiffany and I are fine. Dana responds to this. To get to the point: I never said "Well, why doesn't he ever go after me?" (little vampiric bitch you said.) I am not sure who told you that but this sort of rules out any of those thoughts for you.

As we live in a sexist society, I am concerned about any interactions between people, especially that of men and women. So I may have came off as being really concerned about you.-----

i agree - i dont particularly like people who try to manipulate my emotions, but the poet captured that element of arrogant dismissal that has been evident in every game-player i know. poetry doesnt always have to be 'nice' [as life itself has a tendency to be 'nasty brutish and short] - if you believe that it ought to be then go and buy something by Helen Steiner Rice and leave the grown-ups alone.

I was told that you felt you



could get anyone and that if you wanted someone bad enough you could get them. I was surprised by that, surprised that you would express yourself that way, and a bit concerned about the tone that you supposedly had ("I could GET anyone I want...") You should be surprised that I said that because it is something that probably will never come out of my mouth. I am sorry that someone put you in the awkward position of trying to explain this to me.

This is all very wierd to me that you wrote this my email about this. I was there. I did not initiate the discussion (as I remember). I was not concerned about you being something of a "sexist, flirtatious, womanizer, misogynist" or anything of the sort... SOme of the things I was told surprised me about you but I took it in and let it go. Honestly, Personally, I feel that inscrutability is always underflourished by the forlornomentional sparadent of interscrucial surpenhaders. If you can't agree with my enbondetineshed racompenses, the you can burn in relocated floshehrages.- Winky, the magic dog-mule hair-catcher

----- it is not the first and foremost thing on my mind.

While I am flattered by your comments, i liked "smoked on the ride over lended." Very poetic. I used to gig @ VFW halls & entertained a lot of vets who sounded just like you. Why are we doing this? Seems so true-especially regarding the deeds of youth. I used to tell them what i'll tell you-to reclaim yourself. This is a prayer to rehable--your prayer for the people as if "He's" taken your control in the first place--which "He" hasn't. Lots of people--kids who kill kids--are still trying to fit in & are unreachable unless they have (someone likeyou?) Why be afraid to begin? Some without eyes in the backs of their heads might judge you, those who do never did & won't. You're a talented writer & i hope to read more of your stuff, question mark. this is from received to given. --ben I have to be honest with you (and I hope this can convince you that I never said what you were told I said.) I do not foresee myself ever again in a relationship with a guy. Scent of a Woman

-----  
Scent of a man  
At least I don't smell like a tuna can  
Scent of a Man  
Scent of a Woman  
At least I smell like a rotten ham

This is not anyone's business but I feel that it could Impossible, because the net is neither the sum of its parts nor its segmentation; because it is neither its physical incorporation nor its protocols, addresses, and recognitions; because instead, it occupies an anomalous existence, a UNIVERSAL PROTOCOL by which one

organism recognizes another, a protocol with (see INTERNET.TXT)  
 negation at its heart, but a neutralization-negation with BOOLEAN  
 visible only as an occasional interiority or packet.  
 clear this mess up. There's a lot that goes into me  
 feeling that way, I have thought it for a long time, I  
 have been much more attracted to women for a long time  
 and now I am finally realizing that. BUT this was all  
 second hand knowledge so check the duffle bag man. i think one of the heads tossed was one you  
 needed to keep attached. get some serious thorazine into the bloodstream  
 ^^amontillado^^

I don't really concern myself  
 too much with it and until I heard it from your mouth  
 or until it is not really my concern.  
 Not that I predict danger but, as we live in a sexist  
 society, I approach it all with caution.  
 This is all a free flow as I reel from a quite  
 surprising email. behold  
 the  
 mystery  
 of  
 my  
 radioactive  
 poop  
 It lays  
 Coiled there  
 Like some  
 Flourescent rope

Because hackers accept a that a human machine can have intentions, it is therefore easy for them to  
 ascribe consciousness and intention to complex patterned systems such as computers. If  
 consciousness is mechanical, it is neither more or less absurd to say that "The program wants to go  
 into an infinite loop" than it is to say that "I want to go eat some chocolate" - and even defensible to  
 say that "The stone, once dropped, wants to move towards the center of the earth". I hope that it is  
 not too  
 convaluted. I like you Lewis, I think that you are a  
 cool guy and I like your views on art, society, etc.  
 This has not changed. I hope that your impression ofme has not changed.  
 Always willing to discuss...Angela

It is no secret that I want to rule the universe. This is why I fornicate with vast amounts and  
 varieties of alien women.

WHAT IN THE HELL IS THIS CRAP? Not only is it disgusting, but it's badly written. YOU ARE  
 AN IDIOT! GET SOME HELP, MY FRIEND! STOP TRYING TO BE A POET, AND FIND  
 SOME OTHER HOBBY, LIKE COLLECTING STAMPS! ASSHOLE!!!



Lewis LaCook is a poet, musician and multimedia web artist originally from Lorain, Ohio. Editor of the web journal *Idiolect* (<http://www.lewislacook.com/idiolect5.html>), his poetry has appeared in *Lost And Found Times*, *Aught*, *Slope*, *Cauldron and Net*, *Poethia*, *Blaze*, *Friction*, *Caught in The Net*, *The Hold*, *3rd Bed*, *Avant Garde Times*, *PotePoetZine*, *PotePoetText*, *Littoral West*, *Atomicpetals*, *Interweave*, *5-Trope*, *Black River Review*, *Whiskey Island*, *The Coventry Reader* and *Luna Negra*, among others. Anabasis published his long poem *Cling* as a chapbook in early 2000, and he has collaborated with the poet Sheila E. Murphy on a book length poem entitled *Beyond The Bother of Sunlight*. BeeHive is set to offer his short poem series, *The Odious Art of Lewis LaCook*, as an e-book for the Palm Pilot as part of their Microtitle Series in late September/early

October of 2001. He co-edited the first *Slope New Avant Writing* sampler with Ethan Paquin as part of *Slope's* fifth issue. A Writing Mentor at the trAce Online Writing Centre at Nottingham Trent University in the UK, he is currently fascinated with both object-oriented programming languages (C, C++, QuickBASIC, Javascript) and the possibilities of hypertext media. He writes about new media for Suite101.com. Lewis lives in Richmond, Virginia, with his fiancée Renee Vaverchak. They believe deep in their hearts that Buttercup is truly the coolest Power Puff Girl.